THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 315 — NUMBER 4085

OCTOBER 21, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BOLSHEVISM IN IRELAND

RUMORS that Bolshevist propaganda has made rapid headway in Ireland, especially since the civil disturbances following the acceptance of the Treaty with Great Britain, are to be taken with a degree of reserve; for it is very difficult to distinguish programmes of social revolution from expressions of political discontent under such conditions as prevail to-day. However, there is evidence that some labor organizations, and perhaps a larger section of the unorganized younger men who have been set adrift from their usual social moorings by the war, are inclining toward very advanced theories.

A document alleged to outline a future policy and plan of campaign for the Republican or Insurgent Party, has just been captured and printed by the Free State Government. This programme proposes, among other things, definite promises to the working people, and approves in this connection the following statement of objects printed in the Irish *Worker's Republic* of July 22 of the present year: —

Under the Republic all industry will be controlled by the State for the workers' and farmers' benefit. All transport, railways, canals, and so forth will be regulated by the State — the Republican State — for the benefit of the workers and farmers. The banks will be operated by the State for the benefit of industry and agriculture, not for the purpose of profit-making by loans, mortgages, and so forth. The lands of the aristocracy — who support the Free State and the British connection — will be seized and divided among those who can and will operate them for the nation's benefit.

✠

HOLLAND'S BUSINESS CRISIS

THE business depression that has prevailed in the Netherlands since shortly after the war is the theme of two informing articles recently published abroad. Max Blockzijl, the veteran Berlin correspondent of *Algemeen Handelsblad*, paints a gloomy picture of the present situation in *Berliner Tageblatt*. By way of preface he observes that there are millions of German marks in Holland, bought when the mark was worth six or seven cents, instead of its present value of seven one-hundredths of one cent. These losses are not heavy enough to affect the general financial situation, but they are immediately felt by many people of small means who speculated with their savings.

The nominal profits made by Dutch merchants and shipping men during the war were heavily discounted by increased taxation and war losses. Since

Copyright 1922, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Armistice, Holland's currency has not depreciated, and as a consequence wages and other costs of production have remained much higher than in Germany and Belgium. Prices have not risen as rapidly as wages, while the cost of living has doubled since the outbreak of the war. The pay of skilled workers has almost quadrupled. These conditions have seriously affected Holland's foreign trade. Moreover, her propertied classes have lost heavily upon investments in Russia, Central Europe, and the Balkan States. They have nearly half a billion dollars tied up in Russian securities and enterprises alone; however, this is but 10 per cent of the foreign investment of the Netherlands' capitalists.

The financial editor of *Algemeen Handelsblad*, Mr. Keesing, recently published an interesting article on the same subject in *De Journalist*, in which he takes a somewhat more cheerful view of conditions. Prior to 1914, Dutch capital had found its way into American and South American investments, as well as investments in the countries subsequently devastated by war, revolution, and defeat. She was able to liquidate her American holdings at high prices when the dollar was at a premium.

Since the war there has been a decided decline in prosperity, due to business readjustments of the sort we are familiar with in the United States. However, Holland was forced to make these readjustments under handicaps that did not exist in America. Among other things, the price of sugar and rubber soon fell below the cost of production, thus bringing distress to her Indian empire, and indirectly affecting all her foreign trade. Many war firms had their capital wiped out and vanished from the business world. Several of those that survived have grouped themselves into larger units, so that the tendency toward industrial and financial concentration, recognizable before the war, has been decidedly accelerated. At present, happily, business seems again to be on the upgrade.

✽

THE COMPENSATION OF BRAIN WORKERS

HENRI BERGSON, as president of a Commission to study International Co-operation among Intellectual Workers, organized under the auspices of the League of Nations last year, has reported that one of the most urgent needs its labors have revealed is that of alleviating the distress of brain workers resulting from the war, especially in Germany and Poland. The Commission believes our intellectual life to be menaced by the upsetting of the balance between brain work and manual work.

The proposal to remedy this presents difficulties. Brain work does not lend itself to quantitative and qualitative measurements as readily as manual work, and its compensation is by no means exclusively material. Undoubtedly the community takes advantage of a man's love of his work to withhold from him reasonable payment, and for this reason educators, scientists, and artists are not remunerated on the scale to which their service to society entitles them. So practical remedies for a situation that is admittedly serious are difficult to discover. One suggestion is that the brain worker be relieved of part of his present burden of public taxes, for in many of the war-stricken countries his income is levied upon more heavily by the State, directly or indirectly, than that of the merchant and the manufacturer.

Apropos of the proposal of a Paris journal, that writers generally adopt 'some profitable profession' in addition to literature, *Le Temps* notes that 'the eclipse of intellectual pursuits by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decline in their remuneration is impressing itself upon all classes of society.' However, the very fact that most literary men scoff at the advice to devote part of their time to pot-boiling pursuits indicates that they are not suffering so acutely as some imagine.

But this is not the vital question. How far can the scholar and artist of to-day preserve his intellectual and artistic independence? Possibly, this journal reasons, the discouragements placed in the way of intellectual careers by modern conditions are, after all, wholesome. 'It is not the least among the causes of the population decline in France, that our devotion to intellectual pursuits has produced a surplus of purely cultural products and a deficit of the more utilitarian products of physical labor.' . . .

*

BOULEVARD ANECDOTES OF UNCLE SAM

L'Opinion reports that M. Parmentier, the French fiscal agent who recently visited Washington to discuss the debt that the French Government owes to the United States, thus described his reception here — presumably in private conversation: —

I never before drank as much champagne as in the homes of the officials of the dry government in America. But if wine is abundant, the food is mediocre: melon for breakfast, melon for lunch, melon for dinner — and between meals I had to talk business with Secretary Mellon!

We have *L'Europe Nouvelle* to thank for another anecdote about our countrymen: —

It will be recalled that the American delegation to the Inter-Parliamentary Conference in Vienna was officially invited by the Yugoslav Government to visit Belgrade. The Americans were delighted with their reception and especially with the democratic cordiality of the Serbs. They took the opportunity to give their friends a little fatherly advice upon political procedure, based on the longer experience of their own country.

One of these gentlemen, a member of Congress, who bears the name of an American President remembered for his tragic death, remarked to one of his editor hosts:

'Please tell me just how you elect your President.'

'I beg pardon,' replied the editor, 'we have a monarchy. Our King is Alexander I.'

'Alexander!' rejoined the senator. 'Oh, yes, that 's right. I recall now that I have seen his name in the newspapers.'

*

THE CHEKA FROM THE INSIDE

LAST year the Bolshevist Government issued a propaganda pamphlet describing the functions and objects of the Cheka or Extraordinary Commission for combating counter-revolution. This Commission has now been nominally suppressed, and its work transferred to a regular government department; but at one time its power was so great that it was rumored to overshadow the Bolshevist Government itself. The Commission was created on December 7, 1917, as an emergency body to ferret out counter-revolutionary propaganda and sabotage in Russia, and to bring the offenders before the quasi-military revolutionary tribunals for punishment. The pamphlet says that the Commission was 'not an investigating committee or a court, but an army unit, standing on the fighting line of the secret civil war raging within the bosom of the nation, and employing for its purposes the methods of investigating committees, courts, courts-martial, and armies alike. This military unit does not try the enemy by legal procedure; it simply strikes and destroys it.'

According to this pamphlet the Commission, during the three years from 1917–1921, which embrace the greater

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

part of its existence as a separate body, executed 12,733 persons.

Usually the supreme penalty was imposed in order to impress and terrorize the enemies of the revolution. It was resorted to in cases of armed resistance and supposed conspiracy, but frequently was imposed even when no immediate danger was anticipated, to forestall this danger and put out of the way the men who were the soul and brains of the counter-revolution. It is sufficient to establish that a person is heading a conspiracy or helping to form an organization to overthrow the Government, to have that person shot.

The Commission's personnel consisted, when it was at the height of its power, of some 31,000 members and coworkers. Besides the death penalty, the Commission inflicted such milder punishments as sending suspects to concentration camps and confiscating their property. At the time the pamphlet was issued the Commission had recommended the abolition of the death penalty in Russia. The recent sentences imposed at Moscow upon fourteen Socialist enemies of the Government indicate that this reform was not actually accepted in theory, although the conditional suspension of these sentences suggests that the milder policy may prevail in practice.

❋

LABOR AND RELIGION

HAMILTÓN FYFE'S appointment to succeed George Landsbury as the editor of the *London Herald*, England's Labor daily, lends new interest to his social views. Many people who are inclined to associate the Labor movement with revolt against established institutions may consider these views middle class rather than working class. He believes that nothing can avert disaster to modern society but

a change of heart and mind, such a change as only some powerful religious experience can bring about. That experience awaits everyone who will go back to the teaching of Christ. Strip off the theological accretions, cut away the myths which formed part of earlier religions and were taken over with scarcely any alteration, discard the pusillanimous idea that the Christian's main object should be, not to establish the Kingdom of God upon earth, but to secure a good place for himself in Heaven.

There is no people, I believe, that would not listen gladly. No tribe is too backward, no race too weary, no nation too self-centred, to give heed. The great light which has been dimmed for nineteen centuries by organized hypocrisy would shine clear and bright, illuminating the whole earth. The world faith which has been the dream of many eager and ardent imaginations would become a reality. Behind the League of Nations there would be a power which might very rapidly transform aspirations into actualities, vague hopes into glorious achievements. The greatest victory of Man over the forces of evil would be accomplished.

❋

THE NIZHNI NOVGOROD FAIR

ACCORDING to a Berlin dispatch to the London *Times*, there is practically no trade at the Nizhni Fair. The agent of a German firm who had spent five days there when he wrote, and had found many old friends and acquaintances among the visitors, reported that it was impossible to do business. These friends told him frankly that the trusts and firms to which they belonged were exhibiting samples at the Fair because they were ordered to do so by the authorities, and were threatened with serious penalties if they refused. But the samples were old, dating from before the Revolution. They had instructions to take orders, although they knew they could not execute them. They were surprised to find that their friend had come expecting to buy raw materials, for most of the factories in Russia itself were idle for want of them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Volga, which was crowded with boats and barges in the old days, was practically deserted. At the Siberian quay were eight barges, five loaded with watermelons, two with fish, and one with fur. The price for furs was higher than in Western Europe, and payment was demanded in gold.

Ekonomitsheskaya Zhisn describes the transactions at the Fair as 'still so to speak going on behind the scenes,' but intimates that there is more animation in those hidden recesses than might be expected. The people who are complaining are those who expect to make cash sales. Ready money will not be forthcoming until the officials in Moscow have figured out the net results of the Fair. Those in charge of the enterprise have asked the Government to extend its period of life until October 1, because goods from the Ukraine, Siberia, and Persia, known to be en route, cannot reach their destination before September. The Siberian delegates have protested against the prices put upon their goods by the Government, and have threatened to remove them to a better market.

According to the authority just quoted, which gives the official version of the Fair, some 25,000 tons of commodities have been registered as received by the authorities. Persia sent some 200 tons of miscellaneous merchandise, besides several lots of skins, leather, and other raw materials. Imported sugar is quoted at 3600 rubles a pood or 100 rubles a pound. Considerable china and glassware has been sold to purchasers from Turkestan. English propaganda is blamed for the failure of more visitors from Persia to arrive.

During the first two weeks of the Fair the Government sold goods to the amount of about 60 million rubles and bought to the value of 13 million rubles. These were spot sales. We have no information as to what these figures represent in foreign currency or actual purchasing power.

✽

SENTIMENT IN GREECE

CHARLES VELLAY, the Athens correspondent of *Journal de Genève*, informs his paper that the people of that city received the news of the Asia Minor disaster with less resentment than might have been expected. The peasants were so tired of the war that even defeat was welcome. When an official notice was posted in one of the principal avenues stating that the Greeks had been obliged to evacuate important positions, an old peasant woman, her face transfigured with joy, shouted at the top of her voice, '*Oréa!*' — a Greek word expressing intense satisfaction. No protest against her act was heard in the crowd. This correspondent attributes the Greek defeat, not to the poor material in her army, — which has fought valiantly on other occasions, and indeed during the last offensive against the Turks, — but to weariness with the war and dissatisfaction with its management.

> The soldiers, accustomed to the warm climate of the Peloponnesus and the southern islands, had camped amid the wintry snows of Anatolian mountains. Many of the troops had been under arms almost without interruption for nearly ten years. No European army would have done better. . . .

Moreover, the officers who returned on furlough to Athens went back to the army discouraged and disgusted. They found the politicians of the capital squabbling over their petty local rivalries, and any man, no matter how patriotic, public-spirited, and honest, who was suspected of sympathy with Venizelos, liable to imprisonment or exile.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LORD GREY ON THE TURKISH CRISIS

LORD GREY felt constrained by the seriousness of the Near Eastern crisis to address a letter to the *Times*, in which he pressed the point that there could be no progress in European questions without coöperation between Britain and France. 'The immediate question in the Near East is, indeed, not one of progress: it is one of safety, and of avoiding war.' Criticism and the 'heavy reckoning' that might be called for later, when reviewing the policy that had led Great Britain to the brink of war, could be dispensed with now.

> The one thing urgent is that the British and French Governments should be so dominated by a sense of the common danger and the need for union that they should each forget to reproach the other. . . .
>
> We took separate action in Egypt in 1882, and the result, however materially beneficial in the end to Egypt, was bad blood between France and ourselves, which poisoned international relations for twenty-two years. A repetition of that situation at the present time and in the present circumstances will endanger everything which we hoped had been saved by the Allied efforts and sacrifices in the Great War.

✽

POLAND'S POLITICAL PROBLEMS

A WARSAW correspondent of *Berliner Tageblatt* informs the readers of that journal that Pilsudski is the most neutral of Polish statesmen toward Germany and France, while his opponents, the National Democrats, champion an eventual alliance with both France and Russia when there is a change of government in Moscow, and, pending that, an outright alliance with France alone. Pilsudski considers Russia Poland's archenemy, and is ready to accept aid from any quarter against that Power.

He fears an eventual reconciliation between France and Russia, and therefore distrusts France. He is looking for friends nearer home, especially in the new Baltic States, whose interests in respect to Russia accord with those of Poland. For this reason he does not favor, with the same enthusiasm as many of his fellow nationals, the annexation of territories at the expense of Lithuania. Pilsudski is also working for a close political understanding with Rumania and Hungary. He is not in favor of the French policy of erecting a Middle European bloc, which will profit Poland little, since Czechoslovakia would be the dominating Power in such a combination. Pilsudski and Bénès, of the latter country, are rivals.

The Polish weekly, *Epoka*, laments what it characterizes as the hereditary and instinctive hostility of the Polish people to all government: —

> A hysterical hatred of all government as such is in our blood. For one hundred and fifty years our people have struggled against foreign oppressors, with no opportunity to form those traditional ties of attachment to a government of their own that other and happier nations enjoy. . . . We cannot condemn those who hated Nikolas II, Wilhelm II, or Franz Joseph. But the result is that everyone, from the lowest to the highest, feels in duty bound to criticize and disparage any Polish citizen who commits the fault of being elected to a position of authority. . . .
>
> After years of suffering, of praying God for the miracle that was to redeem our liberties, we have passed through a brief period of wild enthusiasm over our country's resurrection. But this speedily passed. Immediately old historical sores opened, and the interests of our country were subordinated to party strife. The Fatherland is forgotten.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENGLAND'S VANISHED DREAM OF EMPIRE

From *Journal des Débats, September* 14
(Conservative Literary and Political Weekly)

Immediately after the Armistice the British Government spread the news throughout Eastern Asia that the victory of the Allies was due mainly to its efforts and, imagining that no effective obstacle remained in the way of its ambition, rapidly pushed its troops forward toward the Caspian Sea, the Caucasus, and Turkestan.

Mesopotamia was wholly occupied. A British garrison was stationed in Mosul. A British military expedition settled down in Persia. A line of communication maintained by British engineers and traversed by British military automobiles connected Bagdad with Baku at the north and with India at the east. Southern Persia was garrisoned by the 'South Persia Rifles,' a native constabulary organized and commanded by British officers. General Dunsterville was stationed at Baku. Tiflis, Batum, the Transcaucasian republics of Azerbaijan, Armenia, and Georgia, and the railway from the Caspian to the Black Sea were under British military occupation, and the English held complete possession of the principal petroleum districts of Russia. General Mallison advanced his headquarters to Ashkabad on the north Persian frontier, established his control throughout the former Russian provinces beyond the Caspian from Merv to Krasnovodsk, and seized the railway line connecting the Caspian Sea with Tashkent in Turkestan. In Arabia, England made the modest Shereef of Mecca the King of Hejaz, with Colonel Lawrence as his guide and counselor. Thrones were also promised to the sons of this kinglet: Damascus to Emir Feisal, and Mesopotamia to Emir Abdulla.

In accordance with the Balfour declaration of 1917, Palestine was to become a Jewish state. England thus planned to keep her promise to resurrect the Kingdom of Israel, and thereby to establish herself unshakably in the favor of international Jewish financiers.

At Constantinople Admiral Calthorpe took upon himself to conclude an armistice with the Turks on board the British warship Agamemnon, whereupon his fleet made its permanent headquarters in the Bosporus. The Sultan became virtually a British ward, and a pro-English Cabinet displaced a Cabinet that sympathized with France. On March 19, 1920, the English took over by a coup d'état the policing of the city, and placed under arrest their principal opponents, whereupon General Franchet d'Esperey, the real Conquerer of the Levant, packed up and left.

The British Government steadfastly asserted its determination to break up the Ottoman Empire. It promised the Greeks Thrace, Asia Minor, and the coast of the Black Sea. It encouraged their Smyrna expedition, and offered them Constantinople as a naval base. It also tolerated the restoration of King Constantine, who had betrayed the Allies throughout the war. To the Italians the English proposed to give Adalia, and valuable commercial privileges in the Black Sea and the Caucasus. They promised the Armenians an independent kingdom embracing Van, Bitlis, Erzerum, and Cilicia. The Kurds were to have upper Mesopotamia. The Syrians and Chaldeans were to be granted an autonomous government. The Caucasian republics were to receive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the benevolent political and financial support of Great Britain.

These fine plans were cleverly devised. They did not let an inch of Western Asia escape the direct or indirect control of England. France was granted the precarious occupation of Beirut, Lebanon, and Aleppo, from which she might easily be evicted whenever it seemed desirable.

Persia signed an agreement with Great Britain on the first of August, 1919, that made the country a protectorate of England, who was to control her revenues, command her armies, and practically administer her government. In Afghanistan, the pro-British Emir had been assassinated in 1917. The British Government, as soon as its hands were free, massed five army divisions on the south Afghan frontier, and made no secret of its purpose to dethrone the new Emir and crush the independence movement in that country.

England's ambitions even extended to Turkestan, which she hoped to alienate from Russia. Colonel Bayley established himself at Tashkent, where he busied himself promoting a Mussulman insurrection. The Emir of Bokhara and the Khan of Khiva were invited to make common cause with the British-made Menshevist Government at Ashkabad against the Bolsheviki.

Had the ambitious project to reap all the fruits of the military entente in Asia succeeded, England would have gained the following objects:—

1. She would have possession of all the holy places of Islam — Mecca, the pilgrimage centre of the Mohammedans of the world; the great Shiitic shrines; Kerbela and Nejef, in Mesopotamia; Stamboul, Jerusalem, and Konia. Possession of these holy places would give Great Britain a telling influence over the leaders of the Islamic faith, and over the thousands of pilgrims who flock to these points from French Algiers, Morocco, and Tunis.

2. She would also control the political capitals of Islam — Constantinople, Damascus, Bagdad, Teheran, Stamboul, Samarkand, Bokhara, and Tashkent. Her preponderant influence in these famous centres of Islamic culture and opinion would make her virtually mistress of the Mohammedan world. She could play off one Asiatic nation against another if she so desired, or she could gather them within the confines of a vast Pan-Arabian empire, extending from the Sudan to the Pamir, and set up a puppet caliph at Bagdad.

3. She would thus bring under her sway an empire of great potential wealth — Mesopotamia, the valley of the Jordan, and the valley of the Amu, where modern irrigation promises to work wonders.

4. She would acquire vast markets and fields of investment to be monopolized by her merchants and manufacturers.

5. She would control the petroleum fields in the Caucasus, the transcaspian district, Persia, Mesopotamia, and Palestine.

Colonel Lawrence made no secret of these ambitious plans. His was the guiding mind of British colonial policy in Eastern Asia, whose languages and customs he knew perfectly. He divided his time between these countries and London, where his counsels carried a weight that our officials never properly appreciated. He pursued with ardor his dream for Great Britain's future. At regular intervals he would resign office and disappear for a period, to continue his labors behind the scenes. He never for a moment doubted eventual success.

But those fond hopes have already been dissipated. In April 1919 General Mallison withdrew his forces from the transcaspian district, leaving in charge at Ashkabad a feeble Menshevist Gov-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ernment that was brushed aside by the Soviet troops a few weeks later. The local railway simultaneously fell into the hands of the Bolsheviki. The Emir of Bokhara took refuge with the Emir of Afghanistan. Tashkent became a Bolshevist propaganda centre among the Mohammedans, and the site of a seminary from which Communist missionaries set forth to proselyte all parts of the Islamic world. By October 1919 the British troops were forced to withdraw from the Transcaucasian republics, and to evacuate Baku, Tiflis, and Batum, which were occupied, without resistance, by Soviet troops the following spring. Thereby Moscow recovered possession of Russia's great petroleum fields. Late in May 1920, a detachment of the Red Army disembarked at Anzali, captured its garrison of two thousand English soldiers and its commander, General Champlain, together with large quantities of stores and munitions, and the fleet of General Denikin which had sought safety under the British flag. With the aid of local insurgents, the Bolshevist troops soon overran the whole Caspian littoral, and even threatened Teheran, the Persian capital. They thus forced the English troops to retire completely from Persia. In May 1921 the last of the South Persia Rifles were demobilized, their officers were shipped back to England, and the British military and financial advisers of the Persian Government were dismissed. Since that day the Bolsheviki have definitely kept the upper hand in that country.

Meanwhile the campaign against Afghanistan proved a failure, and the British authorities were forced to treat with the Afghan Government as an independent Power. This was a serious setback; for we must remember that for fifty years the foreign relations of the Afghans have been handled by the Government of India.

In May 1920 a violent revolt occurred among the Arabs in Mesopotamia. Many English officers were killed. The British forces speedily withdrew to Bagdad, and would have been compelled to retreat to the coast had not the Assyrians and Chaldeans saved the situation for them.

The policy of arming the Kurds against the Turks likewise proved a failure. The Kurdish chiefs have refused obedience to King Feisal, and British political officers sent to treat with them have been assassinated. In Palestine the pressure of a self-assertive minority of Jews — recently arrived in a country five sixths of whose people are Mohammedans or Christians — has proved a fertile source of trouble. In Arabia the authority of the Shereef of Mecca has been challenged and diminished by the growing power of the desert tribes.

We might add to this record of disasters the Egyptian revolt in 1921, the seething discontent in India, and last of all the recent disaster to the Greeks in Asia Minor. To-day the world is threatened with a general rising of Islam against the nation it has come to consider the mortal enemy of the Koran, the Caliphate, and the Ottoman Empire.

The Lawrence policy met its first defeat at the hands of the Bolsheviki. Soviet imperialism is as shrewd as that of the Tsars, and the men who rule at Moscow realize at a glance that they can deliver in Asia their most telling blows against England. Great Britain's tolerant attitude toward the Bolshevist Government, of late, and her efforts to reach a political understanding with that Government, are ultimately to be explained by the situation in Asia.

The total result has been a tremendous revival of Asiatic nationalism. It is commonly reported, especially in the British press, that Moscow is instigat-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing this agitation for independence, and against the whites, throughout the Asiatic world. We should not lay too much stress upon that point. It is quite true that the leaders of the native races, seeing themselves threatened with absorption by Great Britain, have established diplomatic relations and made treaties with the men who now sit in the Kremlin. Angora, Teheran, and Kabul have received aid and comfort from the Soviets. Pan-Islamic Congresses have been held at Tashkent and Baku.

But Moscow's influence is more superficial than real. The native statesmen of Western Asia are well informed as to the respective strength of the European Powers. They accept Moscow's aid against London, knowing full well that the Soviet power itself is fragile, and that Russia has been weakened by war, famine, and anarchy. A dictatorship of the proletariat has no prospect of succeeding in countries that have no manufactures, where feudal tenures prevail, where government is autocratic, where the humblest camel-driver views his lot with fatalistic resignation, yet where the hopeless poverty of industrial Europe is unknown.

Bolshevism is the enemy of all religion. Soviet troops have plundered mosques and taught the doctrines of emancipation and free thought. The Mohammedan priesthood has rallied to defend itself against this sacrilege. The social hatreds preached by the Communists make no appeal to these theocratic nations, to these nomadic herdsmen and mountain tribes, blood-loyal to their chiefs, nor to the plodding Persian or Anatolian peasant, attached by law and custom to his little irrigated farm, and taught from infancy to regard the will of his manor-lord as law.

In a word: the nations of the Near East have simply used the first opportunity to shake off a foreign yoke. They have only pretended to rally to the banners of Bolshevism. Western Europe, which knows little of these complex regions and is prone to confuse Russians with Asiatics, misunderstands the situation. We dream of Huns and Mongols again knocking at the gates of European capitals. The truth is less dramatic. It is true, however, that a dazzling dream of empire, half-heartedly supported by the London Cabinet and by England itself, has been dissipated by the combined resistance of Bolshevism and of Islamic nationalism. The grandiose plan of Lawrence and Curzon required for its success the united and hearty support of the people of Great Britain, and great expenditure of money.

England's industrial crisis and unemployment, and the protests of her Labor Party against imperialist adventures, are the real reefs upon which the ambitious schemes of British colonial strategists were wrecked.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY FRANCE WANTS THE RUHR

BY S. ERKNER

From *Die Rote Fahne, September 6*
(BERLIN OFFICIAL COMMUNIST DAILY)

BEFORE the war the French were a nation of bondholders, with twelve or thirteen billion dollars gold invested in foreign securities, the income from which made up the deficit in their foreign trade, with something left over annually to add to the country's capital. The war has radically changed this situation. Some of the country's foreign securities were used for military expenses, some of them — like those of Russia — have ceased to have value. Over and above that, France became heavily indebted to England and America. Her foreign obligations are supposed to reach seven or eight billion dollars gold. Her domestic debt is even greater, approaching four times that amount. To-day interest on the national debt absorbs about half of the Government's income.

This transition of France from a creditor to a debtor nation is likely to cause radical changes in her economic structure. She must become an exporting and manufacturing nation in order that the income she has lost from loans abroad may be replaced by the proceeds from goods sold to other countries. At first she expected Germany to reimburse her for much that she had lost, but war and post-war disorganization in that country have made this impossible. France must therefore make every effort to become an exporting and manufacturing nation; and the question immediately arises, how far can she succeed?

Her acquisition of Alsace-Lorraine and the Saar coal mines will not of itself accomplish this, although it will be a great help. The ore deposits she has thus acquired will enable her to produce iron and steel far in excess of home consumption. She now ranks next to the United States in respect to developed iron-ore resources, and she can confidently count upon an eventual steel-output of from ten to twelve million metric tons a year.

The world has not yet begun to feel the effects of this expansion. In 1920 and 1921 the general commercial crisis, political uncertainties, and the unrepaired ravages of the war reduced the ore output of France to less than a third of what it was in 1913. But of late signs of a rapid recovery are observable.

One thing, however, France still lacks. In 1913 she had to import more than one third of the coal and coke she consumed. This came mostly from England and Germany. In fact, her coke imports were greater than her domestic production, for her coal is not well suited to this purpose. This explains why the Government has made little effort to rebuild the coke ovens destroyed in the devastated regions, and why the country does not even yet produce one third as much coke as it did before the war. Even the acquisition of the Saar mines has not bettered the situation in this respect, for coal from that field is likewise unsuitable for furnace coke.

By acquiring Alsace-Lorraine, France added largely to her manufacturing resources, but she did not get coal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

However, the recovery of these provinces brought her closer to the Ruhr district and increased her eagerness to acquire it. Certain geographical advantages seem to dictate the concentration of iron and steel industries in Eastern France. Consequently that country's motive for securing control of the Ruhr district is an extremely powerful one — it means liberating French industry from dependence upon an indispensable foreign raw material.

Moreover, by seizing the Ruhr the French would not only obtain coal for their own furnaces, but also get possession of its highly developed iron and steel industry — an industry that affords the nearest and most logical market for a large part of their own furnace output. They would also acquire the principal German chemical works; in a word they would thereby fatally cripple Germany's manufacturing industries. France would control the most important source of raw materials in Europe: iron ore, coking coal, and potash.

So we can easily see why Great Britain inflexibly opposes Poincaré's plan of seizing 'productive pledges' from Germany. France is physically strong enough to exact such concessions. Her '800,000 arguments' — her army — go far toward counterbalancing Great Britain's economic superiority. It is generally recognized that France can accomplish more by hitting at England in Asia Minor than by hitting at her in Europe.

Asia Minor is the weakest joint in England's armor. She can exert no economic pressure on Anatolia, because that country requires nothing from her. Anatolia is so backward that she is not sensitive to measures that would cripple a more progressive country. Her primitive condition is the secret of her obstinate military resistance. Angora is to-day less dependent upon England than is France herself. France cannot exist in isolation. She cannot loosen England's strangle hold by her own unaided efforts. The Little Entente Governments, though they have armies of some strength, are too weak economically and politically to make France the equal of Great Britain, no matter how loyal they may be to her cause. Only with the aid of Germany, and the coöperation of Russia that this inevitably involves, can France build up an economic and political bloc that will assure her world hegemony.

Right here the significance of a great Franco-German mining trust appears. It is a step toward that consummation. The idea is not yet fully worked out; it will take time to mature it. Poincaré has already sent out feelers to Germany; and it is generally known in our country that Hugo Stinnes, the real father of the plan, the inventor of vertical trusts, is a convinced and willing champion of this idea.

Such a great iron and steel trust would include the furnaces of Upper Silesia and of Western Poland, which are already controlled by French capital. It would not stop here, however; it would extend its tentacles to Russia. By thus drawing in Russia and Siberia, this giant combination would not only acquire vast iron and coal resources, but above all vast petroleum supplies. That is a vital consideration, for France is at present almost bereft of oil. As *La Revue de Paris* recently said: 'Without petroleum no nation can be truly independent, but must sink to the subordinate category of a Portugal. A petroleum blockade would bring France to her knees within less than eight days, were she fighting a Power amply supplied with that material.'

Naturally, therefore, France is struggling to free herself from her dependence upon Anglo-American oil compa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nies. In world competition for this commodity the Russian card is the last card that France can play. We should recall in this connection that the French 'Marchal Group,' which is the most powerful French company in East Galicia, has just combined with the German 'Deag Group,' via the Swiss holding company 'Ipu,' after German Deag investors had successfully smuggled their securities out of our country.

However, this reorganization of Europe has not advanced far enough toward either economic or political accomplishment, to make its future certain. First of all, there is resistance inside of France to be overcome. Her common people must be educated to accept this policy. That might seem mainly a problem of popular propaganda. However, certain business interests are encouraging the public's opposition to business alliances with Germany.

France is ruled by the National Bloc, which is spending billions for the benefit of the classes from which it receives political support. Vast sums are used to maintain a gigantic bureaucracy. Still larger sums are finding their way into the pockets of favored manufacturers and bankers, particularly out of the Reparations appropriations, that are eventually to be charged against Germany. Consequently the French Government is in urgent need of money and will leave no measure untried that promises to produce revenues without direct taxes, which she dare not impose on the peasants and people of property. However, the receipts from indirect taxation are utterly inadequate to balance the budget.

France has refrained from using the printing presses to manufacture money to the same extent as Germany; but she has issued enormous quantities of short-time treasury bills, which she proposes to refund as soon as possible in long-time obligations. This is merely a French form of inflation. Such short-term notes bear a high rate of interest. They are disposed of to the public through an admirable sales organization: France has 46,000 agencies to sell government securities where Germany has only 300.

Since late in 1920, paper currency has not increased in France, — indeed, some issues have been withdrawn, — but many new emissions of bonds and other state obligations have been floated. Securities of this class can be absorbed only as long as the public trusts the financial stability of the Government. They can be indefinitely refunded; but this pyramiding can succeed only by making the interest on each new emission higher than on its predecessor, or by attaching some other inducement to its purchase.

This policy compels the French Government to cultivate sedulously among its citizens the illusion that demands against the Government, which are in reality only demands against themselves, are actual wealth. In order to perpetuate this illusion the Government must persuade the nation that Germany can and will pay the full sums demanded of her. This situation forces Poincaré to be inflexible and insistent in demanding Reparations; otherwise he would undermine the confidence of the people in the solvency of the State.

So the French Government is forced to bring pressure upon Germany that seems likely to defeat the plan of combining with her for the industrial control of Europe. It is this contradiction that explains the battle now being waged for the control of the new iron and steel trust. French iron and steel makers fear, not without reason, that their German associates, with their superior technical ability and longer experience, may gain the upper hand in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such an organization. So they and their banking supporters are using their present political advantages to direct this new combination movement in a way that guarantees French control.

This method is to push French demands upon Germany to the utmost, in order to undermine her economic strength. That is their true motive in advocating a customs barrier that will cut off the Ruhr district from the rest of Germany.

For it will be much easier to absorb the Ruhr than to absorb all Germany. I am speaking of capitalistic and particularly of financial absorption, which would lead the way to eventual political absorption. Germany deprived of her West-German industries would be a business ally that France would no longer fear. Stinnes seems to have been won over to this plan, upon assurance that he be guaranteed a good profit from it.

However, the Wirth Cabinet, which is rather pro-English, stands in the way. That explains why the Stinnes Press has begun such a furious campaign against the Government. [Stinnes's principal organ, *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, has recently been compelled to suspend publication for a period by Government order. — Editor] These attacks upon the Berlin Ministry appear to be delivered by prearrangement with the French Imperialists. Late last August, the Paris correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* reported a conversation with a distinguished French diplomat, who expressed the attitude of his Government toward the present German Government thus: 'Is it not odd that the member of the Berlin Cabinet with whom France has got on best hitherto, should be Hermes, an old Conservative?'

The recent contract between Stinnes and the French Government, for supplying reconstruction materials, is merely the first step toward an inevitable international trust. The French financial situation will not be remedied by such a measure within any period we can now conceive. Therefore Poincaré is manœuvring to get France's war debts cancelled, in order to have a free hand for perfecting this huge industrial amalgamation. At present, therefore, Stinnes seems to be more or less the arbiter of the fight between French and English industrial imperialism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREEK ROUT

From the *Spectator, September* 9
(CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

THE Greek rout in Asia Minor was characteristic of much that has happened in the history of modern Greece. The tragic, ironic fact is that the latest rout, like others of its kind, was quite unnecessary, for the Greeks need never have been in the position to incur it. Their defects of thought and temperament have brought it upon them, aided, we are sorry to say, by the very unwise collaboration of Mr. Lloyd George.

When the Greek kingdom was founded it had the sincere good wishes of Christian Europe. In particular it had the good wishes of Great Britain. The romance of Byron was still closely associated with Greece. When the Lord Derby of that day was invited to become King of Greece, it was natural for him to prefer to remain an Englishman, — an English statesman, an English landowner, the owner of racehorses and of Knowsley, — yet British sympathy with Greece was so strong that many Englishmen would have liked to see such a renowned type of their countrymen settled on the Greek throne.

As it was, Greece, after passing through various vicissitudes, became happy in the possession of King George. With the possible exception of Tricoupis, he was the shrewdest statesman of modern Greece until the rise of the brilliant Venizelos.

King George perceived that the one road by which Greece must not try to advance was the road of war. He knew that Greece was not strong enough and he knew that the Greeks were not stable enough to persist in a policy that entailed hardship. Consequently he directed all his efforts to playing the part of what we may be allowed, without disrespect, to call a glorified bagman. He used continually to visit his relations, who were reigning all over Europe, and acquire benefits for Greece. He recognized that his strong card was to develop and rely upon the sympathy with Greece which had been expressed from the very foundation of the kingdom.

It was the duty of all the friends of Greece to try to be at least as wise as the late King George. Unfortunately, in 1897, British Liberals allowed their philhellenic sentiments — which in our opinion were perfectly right and praiseworthy in themselves — to run such riot that the Greeks were encouraged to defy Turkey and to choose the wrong road, the road of war, which was certain to lead to discredit and misery. There came a dazzling period, nevertheless, when that brilliant Cretan, M. Venizelos, took the affairs of Greece into his own hands, organized the Balkan League, and seemed to show that Greece could, after all, gain by war, provided that she fought with the help of her Christian neighbors.

Alas! the bold policy of M. Venizelos was stripped of all the wisdom which made it practical. The Greeks were not faithful to their allies, and the infidelity reached a much worse stage when King Constantine during the agony of the world in the Great War was treacherous to Great Britain — the best friend he ever had.

The Greeks, as we have said, will not persist in a policy which entails hardship. From 1912 till now, that is to say for ten years, Greece has been standing to arms when she has not been actual-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly fighting. Few nations could endure such a trial without a damaged morale, and Greece least of all.

It is obvious that it would have been folly at any time to encourage the Greeks to military adventure, but it was madness to do it during the latter part of that trying period of ten years. Yet this, incredible as it sounds, was the very thing that Mr. Lloyd George did. He might truly be able to say that there are no words of his on record expressly directing the Greeks to go to Smyrna, but it is nevertheless certain that he acted and spoke in such a way as to encourage the Greeks in an enterprise which has now ended in military disgrace and a new international crisis.

If M. Venizelos had remained the responsible man in Greece, the thing might have been possible. But the fickle Greeks got rid of M. Venizelos, who had done for them all that they ever desired. One reason why they got rid of him was, oddly enough, that he had imposed increasing burdens upon the people, particularly that of prolonged military service. The burdens placed upon them by King Constantine have notoriously been much worse, and have ended in terrible loss instead of in profit.

That we do not exaggerate about Mr. Lloyd George's attitude may be proved from what he said in the House of Commons on August 4. In describing the position of the Greeks in Thrace and Asia Minor, he said that they had

> established their superiority in every pitched battle; but they were beaten by the formation of the country, and by the fact that they were holding lines of communication which no other army in Europe would have ever dreamed of taking the risk of allowing. If we were only holding the ring and let them fight it out, the Greeks could march to the capital and take it in a week.

Having thus excited self-confidence in the Greeks, he went on to prophesy that the Turks, as usual, would play for time. He warned the Turks that the terms still offered to them would not be indefinitely open. What a disastrous prophecy! Kemal Pasha at the head of the Angora Turks has evidently trained and equipped — with the help of France and Italy — a very formidable army of about 50,000 men. So far from playing for time, he has struck with swiftness and tremendous success in order to shatter the whole political situation.

The basis of the proposed Conference at Venice — the provisional terms of settlement drawn up after infinite trouble last March in London — has collapsed. Great Britain then made the best terms possible in the interests of Greece; but though our desire to help Greece is even now not exhausted, we cannot honestly say that we shall be able, in the new circumstances, to get for her all that we had hitherto hoped for. The Turks will aim at entirely new terms, and Italy and France, in support of Turkey, will point to accomplished facts. And all this has happened because the native light-headness of the Greeks has been encouraged instead of being damped down.

The present writer happened to be with the Greek army in 1897, and witnessed one of those violent alternations of confidence and despair which have been the undoing of modern Greece. The Eastern Army of Greece was drawn up on the great Thessalian plain within gun range of the Macedonian frontier. The army was commanded by the Crown Prince, who is now King Constantine. For weeks before the war the Crown Prince, in coöperation with his sagacious father, had hinted that there was no need for war, and that if the Greeks were patient the Cretan affair would be settled to their satisfaction with the help of the Great Powers. But the irresponsible enthusiasm of the peo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ple swept away sanity. Crowds had assembled daily in front of the Royal Palace in Athens and had shouted, 'Long live the war!' What a ridiculous and ghastly sentiment it seems to-day!

Then members of the *Ethnike Hetairia*, acting as francs-tireurs, had provoked the Turks on the Macedonian frontier. It was rather as though a lethargic tiger had been stirred up in the jungle by a man who had not even a weapon in his hand. After some weeks of prodding, the tiger awoke and declared war. In thirty days it was all over. The Greek army was shattered and was saved only by the intervention of the Great Powers, who are once more, so far as they can, repeating their accustomed part and helping the Greeks to disentangle themselves.

For more than a week after the declaration of war in 1897, the Eastern Greek Army remained almost inactive on the Thessalian plain; cavalry reconnoitred, but the infantry, without any earthworks worth mentioning, were steadily shelled by the Turks. Although the shelling was not severe, the protection from it was so inadequate that it was difficult, or was thought to be difficult, to distribute rations. For a week, then, the army lay there allowing the hot fit to turn into the cold. Why this delay? Why was not the Greek army already advancing triumphantly through Macedonia? Were the Greek leaders competent? Was it not possible — indeed, probable — that the army had been betrayed? Was the King really Greek at heart? So the poison spread. Exhilaration mouldered into the material of panic.

The present writer was sleeping in an abandoned cottage one night when he was aroused by the unexpected sound of troops and guns moving along the road. He found that a retreat had been ordered. An officer told him that the Turks were already round the Greek right flank. After watching the withdrawal for some time, and not wishing to be transferred to the Turkish side, the writer saddled his horse and rode with the troops in the direction of Larissa, which was about twelve miles distant. The withdrawal for an hour or more was a dull business; men marched sullenly and apathetically, speaking, if at all, in low tones. Far away on what had now become the Greek left flank, owing to the reversal of the front, the sky was red with the light of burning villages. It seemed to be true that the Turks had turned the flank.

The writer's next impression, and it was a very weird one, was that there was somewhere away in the rear of the Greek columns an indescribable vague sound as of men arguing, jostling together, and shuffling their feet. All this time there was no sound of a rifle or a gun. For the writer the general silence intensified that distant and subdued hubbub at the Greek rear.

The next impression was that, whereas there had been plenty of room to move along the road freely, the road had become more and more crowded. Yet there were no contributory roads to account for more persons. The pressure was evidently coming from behind. It became continually more acute. At last men and animals were packed together as tight as they could fit. Then another stage — we were urged forward from behind with a jerk as though we were being hustled out of a theatre on fire.

Suddenly shots were fired. They rang out first behind and then in front. Bullets whizzed up and down the road. Clamor burst out. There were shouts of 'Turks, Turks!' But there were no Turks. The pressure instantly turned to violent shoving and rushing. The unexplained hubbub of the rear had communicated itself to us along the line. It was panic.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Looking over his shoulder, the present writer saw riderless artillery horses with cut traces charge through the crowd. Half a squadron of galloping cavalry, most of the horses also riderless, followed. There were also a couple of commissariat carts with bolting horses.

In front of this onrush, men fell down before they had the time or the sense to get out of the way. Men lay flat on their faces with their arms spread out as though they were crucified. They did not rise again. Everything and everybody went over them.

A particularly curious thing was that a bright light which was streaming out of a wayside coffee-house seemed to excite terror. It attracted the firing. Just before arriving at this light the writer, thinking that so far as he was concerned the situation was not 'good enough,' pulled his horse into the growing corn at the side of the road and dismounted. From there he watched the disorganized rabble stream past. An hour or so later, when the excitement relaxed, he again took to the road and arrived at Larissa in the early morning light to find a scene of confusion and despair. Dead were being brought in on carts, but his chief recollection is of women uttering loud and strange Eastern lamentations. Some of them drew their hands upward along their stomachs or across their throats to show to a foreigner, to whom they could not convey their meaning in any other way, what they expected when the Turks arrived.

Reading between the lines of the accounts which come from Asia Minor, we may suppose that history has been repeating itself. It is the result of just that Greek instability which should not have been coaxed out but should have been firmly discouraged.

UNDER WATER. II

BY ALEXEI TOLSTOI

[*The story that follows is from a short volume by this well-known author, published at Paris last year.*]

A WEEK after the episode just described, Andrei Nikolaevich wrote in the log: —

'I know they all think we are lost. This is the seventh day of our waiting. Every night we rise to the surface for air, with infinite precautions. We cannot repair our antennæ, and in any case we could not afford to use electricity to send messages. We are short of fuel and food, but holding our own. The water-distillers are in good order.

'For three or four days after the fight we were exhilarated: we had lost only one man and one antenna, had sunk an enemy ship and successfully hidden in this fiord. There are thousands of fiords around us. They lost us like a needle in a haystack.

'But now we are all in a strange, dazed condition: we feel neither alive nor dead. We sleep all day. Kuritsin is the only one that still tries to joke. Yesterday he invited all the men to table. They sat around, somnolent, with swollen faces. He called them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"lumberjacks" — because the lumberjacks are such hearty eaters, and all we have now is nine cans of meat for our crew of seventeen. They sat around and each received a spoonful in turn; Kuritsin's humor helped to eke out the scanty rations. After each meal he says to the men: "Now you've filled your bellies, haven't you? Get up, senators, get up!"

'Belopolsky has not recovered from his fainting spell and the death of Shubin. He has tried to work, but I have ordered him to bed and he lies there, oppressed by this eternal stillness. Every evening we wait for the moment to rise as we shall wait for the trump of resurrection. But last night we heard firing — they are looking out for us. Every evening we take in air and sink again. The darkness here, on the bottom, is different from any darkness upon the land: it is absolute darkness, like black velvet. I begin to understand now how the flies feel who live through the winter between two windowpanes: it is neither sleep nor reality. I feel, as I never did before, what existence really is. It no longer seems to consist of separate events — separate pictures — but is something absolute, complete, and outside of time, something apart from myself, existing up there, above the surface of the sea. I cannot define it any better. Only sometimes my heart begins to beat with the foreboding of a still deeper understanding of it.

'Belopolsky is very low. Kuritsin is secretly trying to feed him and I pretend not to notice it. Our food supply will last a week at the longest, on starvation rations. My "peasants" are rather low; they do not even talk any more. Meek folk they are; once they have understood the reason, they will die without murmur — but beware of letting them suffer unjustly.'

A later entry read: —

'Yesterday Belopolsky was in violent delirium all day long. Until late into the night he was struggling with imaginary foes — talking, screaming. Then, after he lay still for a while, I looked at him to see how he was. His body was already cold.

'On the thirteenth night of our stay under water we rose to the surface. The body of the prince was wrapped in canvas, a bomb tied to his feet. The crew sang him a "Memory in Eternity." Big bright stars shone in the sky, and their reflections in the water seemed to inhale the breath of the fiord. On our right the black rocks of the shore cut into the sky, and a strong fragrance of juniper, wormwood, and wild flowers was wafted to us. The body of Prince Belopolsky slid down the deck and disappeared without a splash, while the men crossed themselves in silence.

'I do not understand — I cannot understand — where the line is drawn between life and death. . . .

'The shadow of an unlighted man-of-war with four smokestacks glided past the mouth of the bay. They are never at rest. Her searchlight suddenly illuminated the shore, exposing its jagged rocks and crooked, storm-crippled trees. Presently, the beam descended and began to feel around the surface of the bay. Awakened sea-birds protested with shrill calls; the water sparkled; the beam stood still a few yards away. The man at the lantern, about a mile from us, for some unknown reason had to stop his work for a moment. If he had moved his searchlight another hair's breadth, we should have been discovered.

'Meanwhile, the blue ray quietly penetrated the water and we could see, at a considerable depth, motionless, a great school of fish. There were so many that Kuritsin could not suppress a faint exclamation. A bat shot through the light and moths danced amid the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tiny drops of mist. The searchlight suddenly swayed, and its beam shot upward to the rocky shore. A dazzled, angry eagle screamed from somewhere in the fissures above. Meanwhile we noiselessly submerged, sinking back into darkness and nonexistence.

'"The prince is dead." I keep saying this to myself, and cannot understand it. Back there, on shore, to die means to cease seeing, hearing, feeling. I am lying here now, in darkness, in silence, surrounded by water. Suppose my body were to grow cold and motionless, like that of the prince — would that make a great difference? Well-nigh none. Perhaps my spirit, now absorbed in my daily duties, would be released: that is all.

'I have a horror of eating. With the greatest effort I make myself swallow daily a few spoonfuls of soup; I drag myself to the dining-room and see to it that everybody eats something. It appears that hunger is painful only during the first few days; after that, the body seems to be melting away and all its strength goes into our consciousness: all perceptions become unusually clear. The very thought of a full stomach has become repulsive to me.

'This feeling of physical ebbing-away is astonishingly delightful. There are sometimes wonderful periods — they begin with a slight chill, then a cool feeling creeps all through my body, and I do not feel myself any more. My tense consciousness is aware only of a sensation of freedom and sadness. I feel the whole world inside myself — the world with its green grass and its stars; I am dissolved in this world, I am free from all — and yet I am sad as if I were not performing my very last and most important duty. Had I done this duty, my spirit would not thus disperse itself, it would arrive at the knowledge of a thing very simple, very dear. But what is that duty? What is it? And what is it I have yet to know?

'I have told all this to Yakovlev. He wept and said nothing. He used to have all kinds of incoherent dreams and kept telling me about them; but now he lies still, his face turned to the wall — the way the prince did. . . . And he does not tell me any more dreams. . . .'

Thus Andrei Nikolaevich filled the boat's log with personal experiences and speculations. There were no events to record; enemy sentries kept strict watch and lighted the shores at night.

Food grew scarcer and finally came to an end. There remained, of course, the emergency twenty-four-hour supply, but that was not supposed to be used until the Kate herself was in imminent danger of destruction. Andrei Nikolaevich silently reckoned that if at least six persons remained alive they might operate the submarine and take a chance at piercing the enemy's line and escaping — or blowing up the Kate if the attempt were frustrated. But as long as the whole crew was alive such a chance must not be risked. They must lie still and wait.

The log continued: —

'Four of the men are already sick with scurvy, a fifth one is dying of fever. But not one of them has uttered a word of protest against the fact that a submarine is valued above many human lives. Indeed, they are dying for an emblem, for a piece of silk nailed to a flagpole. . . . Both the insignia and the Kate are mere symbols, mere reminders for man not to be unworthy of himself, no matter what he suffers — not to think of himself as released from duty.

'O God, how hard it is to coördinate myself with the world! I want to be free — they want me to pay my debt. I want to live — they want me to die. If I do what they want, I shall die, and be a dead body of no use whatever. If

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I refuse to pay my debt, refuse my duties, I shall be a criminal — and rightly judged so. I fear death; but I fear disgrace still more.

'Kuritsin solves these questions in a much simpler way: "You must not kick against the pricks." To-day he presented himself before me, half naked, his trousers rolled way up, long fishing lines twisted all around his head, and a net behind his shoulders.

'"It's croaking anyway, sir," he said; "if you please, sir, I'll take a chance at fishing." I gave my consent. If he succeeds, we'll hold out another day.

'Toward dawn we rose. There was a dense fog and the searchlights were creeping and feeling in it. Kuritsin slid noiselessly into the sea, and swam away in the milky, steaming surface. In another minute we could not see him. I promised him to rise the next morning at precisely the same time.

'All day long I thought: If I survive, what do I want? Wandering again? Merry adventures? How trivial everything is! I suppose I have grown much older under water. I do not feel that I want anything whatever; yet I never longed to return to the world as I do to-day.

'Yakovlev tells me that it is hard for him to die in this way, lying in his berth. He says he understands that this is his supreme duty, but that he longs to fire, to shoot, to sink someone, and to meet death from a bullet. The boy! His stupor seems to have given way, and he begins to urge me to take all kinds of chances.

'As I stood on the bridge again in the morning, I heard a splash, and Kuritsin's soaked head appeared near the deck. The net behind his shoulders was full of fish. All he could say was: "If you please — some cognac, sir-r-r-r," and he barely crawled downstairs, drank a glass, and fell asleep on the floor. There will be enough fish for three days.

'It turned out that he did not fish at all: he simply crawled through the bushes and emptied into his net the contents of some fishermen's traps. He promises to go and fetch a lamb tomorrow. His face and hands are torn and lacerated; he is so emaciated that his ribs stand out like those of a horse-carcass; but he is immensely satisfied with himself. Upon awakening he asked for another glass of cognac and began to tell his adventures to the crew; the fact even came to light that he had unusual success with some fisherman's daughter; but after this his lies became so extravagant that the chief mechanic could only spit on the floor with contempt.

'This fishing adventure of Kuritsin's is upsetting me entirely. I feel that I am wrong in something. During our period of waiting Belopolsky has died; Yakovlev is in physical and mental torment; the men are sinking. And I — I just keep reasoning about duty and death and virtue. All this is spiritual decay — torpor — abjection!

'I do not want to be alone any longer. Loneliness — that is the most deadly sin. To go and fetch some fish is more important than to lie in darkness, solving the problem of death. To the devil with the problem!

'I shall write no more.

'We shall presently rise. I can hear heavy artillery fire. There is a battle at sea.'

The log ended there. Andrei Nikolaevich could not write any more: there was an onrush of events that suddenly liberated him from 'spiritual decay,' and made him feel he was no more than a fighting bull before whom the bull-ring gates are swung open.

The Kate rose in the midst of a white fog. The shores were trembling

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the thunder of a deafening cannonade. Mighty, rotund volleys and explosions alternated with a loose rattle. Sea-devils seemed to be roaring, coughing, and blowing at one another. A maddened sea-gull flew over the Kate.

'Andrei Nikolaevich! . . . Quick! . . . We can tear ourselves free now!' repeated Yakovlev, his hands clutching the railing, his teeth chattering.

Preparations were speedily completed. A strong wind was blowing the fog away. Kuritsin's swollen, red-eyed face appeared in the hatchway.

'Ready!' he roared, frantically, so that his veins stood out — but his roar was only faintly audible. Andrei Nikolaevich gave the sign and the Kate flew at top speed out of the bay. There was fire behind and on her right, but the way to Hangö was free.

All that his men had suffered during their two weeks of waiting on the sea bottom — despair, torpor, death-in-life and hopeless resignation — all was transformed into one will, a violent will that could not be satisfied with the mad speed of the submarine cleaving the foggy waters into two waves.

To tear themselves free, to bring the Kate safely to her destination, was now too little, too insignificant. The will clamored for a sensation, for things concrete, the way a fighting bull stands in the arena waiting and breathing heavily — only to rush suddenly at the mounted picador and plunge his horns into the horse's flesh.

Andrei Nikolaevich still hesitated, but it was not any longer courage, or calculation, or passion — it was mere avidity. The warships, the people, the earth, the sun that was about to rise in the goldening fog — he felt these were his own, so long desired, and now attained. He craved destruction merely for the sake of touching and possessing all this live world. What did it really matter if a warship was blown up? It made no difference whether good or evil, life or death, was to be the outcome. Will alone was raging for expression, and an avid thirst for action.

'We shan't run away like that! Turn about or I'll shoot myself!' shouted Yakovlev in his ear. He was wild, his face awry and ashen.

The sun finally appeared — a huge red ball — and the water answered with orange gleams beneath the fog. Invisible warships were roaring very near; the wind blew stronger; suddenly a gray giant emerged amid clouds and smoke, veiled itself again for a moment, and then the outlines of his turrets, his smokestacks, and his masts appeared. Finally his entire profile came into view, with a black-eagle flag flying at the stern.

It could be done now! Andrei Nikolaevich did not restrain himself any longer. Excitement clutched his throat; he jumped into the hatchway, stumbled over Yakovlev, and began to load the torpedo tubes with his own hands. The Kate sank and was now going squarely across the path of the man-of-war. The latter's shadow swayed and rocked across the periscope-mirror, veiled every other minute by a cloud of smoke with needles of fire. The Kate discharged a torpedo but it went past the enemy's stern. Andrei Nikolaevich bent over the little table, biting his lip till it bled, and examined that little toy ship upon the mirror, one of whose missiles was able to strike an enemy ship with the impact of five hundred thousand tons. The Kate and the man-of-war drew nearer to each other. Suddenly the shadow, which had grown to half the width of the little table, began to turn about.

'Another one!' commanded Andrei Nikolaevich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A blow shook the Kate; there was a crash and the little mirror darkened. Andrei Nikolaevich darted out of the wheel cabin.

'Periscope shot down! Full speed ahead!' he shouted.

'Where?' the mechanic asked without turning his head.

'Ahead — ahead to the devil!'

Yakovlev was crouching at the torpedo apparatus; presently he cried aloud and spat blood. Andrei Nikolaevich clung to the porthole.

All he saw were writhing currents of foam; presently there emerged the dark bottom of the man-of-war. It was not any farther off than ten fathoms. Andrei Nikolaevich ordered: 'Stop! Launch the second torpedo! Full speed reverse, the most there is,' and he closed his eyes. That was the end of everything. And what a pity that they almost struck the ship's bottom — otherwise they would have strength to do more. . . .

Andrei Nikolaevich was thrown out into the passage, thrust against the wall, and pulled down. Shouts and the cracking of steel plates were submerged in the thunder of falling masses of water. The lights went out. The Kate went whirling to the bottom.

The united force of the explosion and the descending water-spurt that followed had thrown the Kate far off from the sinking warship and sucked her under water. Her walls had sprung leaks, and water was penetrating also through the stuffing boxes of the broken periscope. The motors were out of commission. The boat was like a floating buoy, in whose dark hollow wounded and stunned men were lying about and groaning. She did not stay long under water; relieved from the burden of two torpedoes, she rose almost to the surface and then began to sink slowly, as the water seeped in through her numerous tiny leaks.

Kuritsin was the first to recover consciousness, as he happened to faint on a mat in the empty passage. He painfully raised himself to his hands and knees, listened intently, and crawled toward the engine room; lighting one match after another, he found the engineer and began to rub the man over the ears. This did not help. Kuritsin dragged the emergency oxygen-reservoir near and opened a stream of oxygen into the man's face. The engineer came to and immediately grasped his wounded knee.

'Leave thy knee alone,' said Kuritsin. 'We're sinking. Could the engine be fixed?'

'Who knows?' the engineer whispered.

Then Kuritsin lit a candle and opened all the oxygen reservoirs. The life-giving gas, that felt like the air after a thunderstorm, made the sailors stir. Some came crawling from various dark nooks, others tried to rise and fell down again. Andrei Nikolaevich was found in a narrow passage, but could not be brought to his senses. They extricated him with great difficulty from where he was lying, and put him in his berth with his chest and head bandaged. Yakovlev received some attention; he and two other men, who had also stopped groaning, were covered with coats. Whoever was able to work was ordered by Kuritsin to the hand-pumps. Until the engine was repaired, these pumps could at least keep off the menace of the water that was steadily leaking in. Three mechanics were busy around the engine, and all the men were anxiously listening to the sound of their tools.

The Kate was not far from the surface. But how far it was impossible to determine, the pressure apparatus and the periscope being broken.

Finally, the engineer declared that it was necessary to change cylinders, if

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there were enough candles to light the operation. Kuritsin began to swear heavily, abusing the engineer, the candle factories, the motors, and the men who invented motors. Then he turned to the crew and ordered them to 'raise the boat at least three feet, even if they died in the effort.' The sailors were sullenly silent. The last candle melted down. A mechanic spat, swore, and threw away his wrench. Someone said: 'Down and out, fellows!' — and the pumps stopped.

The wet, monotonous, deadly splash of water upon the periscope-table was alone audible.

Kuritsin's voice was somewhat hoarse when he said: 'Come on, some two of you. We'll try to open the hatchways. There's no use waiting.'

Two or three men felt their way behind Kuritsin and grasped the handles of the hatchway lid. 'Yes, there we are,' someone said gloomily. 'Keep still. Mind your business,' Kuritsin retorted. But still another voice drawled: 'And all the water there's over our heads — my! Now it'll pour in!'

At this moment knocking and footsteps were heard upon the submarine's deck. There were men upon her deck!

'To the Kingston valves! If I shoot — let the water in. We're ordered never to surrender the boat!' Kuritsin commanded hastily.

After which, his automatic in his teeth, Kuritsin, alone, pressed the handles; the lid gave way and light and air rushed in.

'Who is there?' Kuritsin shouted. 'What kind of people?'

'Ours, ours,' a voice drawled lazily.

'O Lord! . . .'

When Andrei Nikolaevich was thrown against the steel wall of the passage, he saw constellations of green sparks before his eyes, and then everything became dark and still. But there was one single spark that would not go out, and Andrei Nikolaevich saw it slowly broaden into an even bluish light. However, there was some foreign body in that light. Andrei Nikolaevich longed for it to disappear, but it kept his attention. He made an effort to concentrate, and suddenly found out, with astonishment and fright, that this foreign body was his own person.

It was then that he beheld the berth in which he lay, a bluish electric light over his head, and he began to feel bruises and aches in his body. Presently he became conscious of the violent rocking of the destroyer which was carrying him, and fell asleep. Thus began his slow return to life.

The Kate was being towed by the destroyer. Upon the destroyer's deck Kuritsin, gesticulating with the outspread fingers of one hand and a glass of wine in the other, was telling tales of battles and exploits to several open-mouthed sailors. He tried to avoid boasting and telling lies, but did not succeed. The rum in the little glass was strong; and besides, the evening before, First Captain Gromoboev, commander of the destroyer, personally hit Kuritsin on the back, kept mentioning all the devils for a while, then, for quite a while again, swore in a picturesque fashion at all of his own and Kuritsin's ancestors, and finally came to the point in a roaring: '*Molodets!* Brave fellow! I'll have you mentioned!'

Andrei Nikolaevich looked up at the fresh, blue sky, as he was borne upon a stretcher toward the hospital at Hangö. A great crowd followed him and those who carried him. An unfamiliar, plain-looking, freckled face appeared above his own. A voice said, 'This is a live one!' and the face disappeared. Someone spoke a few words in a loud

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voice, and the throng was suddenly hushed; then it became very noisy and a bunch of white carnations fell upon his chest. As they turned a corner, he had to smile in spite of his pain and bandages: warships lay upon the dark-blue bay and he saw the broken bridge and the remainders of the antennæ of his own Kate. The crowd slowly made its way up the hill, along with the nine stretchers, and the bright, mild Finnish sun was shining upon the procession, the trees, the houses, and the bay. It was again the cozy, old, reliable land.

REPARATIONS

BY JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE

[*This genial account of Paris opinion as observed by a German is written by an author of distinguished connections in Germany, who resided in France for many years and was before the war editor of* Maison Moderne *in that city.*]

From *Die Neue Rundschau, September*
(Berlin Liberal Literary Monthly)

I am again in Paris for the first time since 1914. I had as little expectation of seeing this city again, as I had of seeing Europe when I was lingering in a Siberian prison-camp. I am here in response to a warm-hearted and cordial invitation from a circle of cultivated French friends. I was asked to convince myself that Paris is not so bad to-day as we in Germany imagine.

Naturally I did not require much persuasion. Please do not think that I am a bad German; but if you insist upon doing so, I cannot help it. You cannot imagine what Paris was to me; you cannot form any idea of the delightful life I led there for twenty or thirty years. That life had nothing to do with politics and national enmities. All those things that make men strangers to each other, that render them petty and hateful, did not exist in the circle to which I belonged. We did not belong to it as Germans or Frenchmen. Its members were not in Paris to study art, or to paint, or to write poetry; although there was abundant temptation to do these things.

We went to Paris in those days as men once made pilgrimages to Rome and Jerusalem; and what we found there was as blessed as a prayer in a holy place. We went to become greater, because there was too much pettiness at home. We arrived as sleepers and became awake. We arrived burdened with care and uncertainty, and we found peace. The very atmosphere of the city was like a breath of liberty; it was something cosmic and supernational. The people who dwelt in Paris were indifferent to us. We sought nothing of them; and they did not give us the feeling that we came as their guests. It was not a city of bosom friendships and domestic intimacies. But we did not miss those things. The very fleetingness of our relations with individuals brought Paris herself closer to us.

You will ask: 'Is it still the same?'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Had you been there as I have, you would not ask that question. What can a puny World War do to such a city? She is a hundred times more beautiful than ever; while we are a hundred times more ugly. The people have not changed. Why should they? How could they, even if they so desired? Can the language of Racine, of Stendhal, of Flaubert suddenly become harsh and discordant? Can fair women whose smiles have been painted by artists from Fouquet to Renoir become scowling and ugly? Can the Place de la Concorde vanish? There is too little that is destructible.

Nothing happened during my visit to diminish my delight in Paris, and I knew that beforehand. I spent a couple of weeks as if in Heaven.

I believe that I have conversed with more people during these fourteen days than during the twenty years and more that I formerly resided in this city. We have discussed every conceivable subject, including the war and its consequences. Among these people are very ardent patriots and very few pacifists; and what I have heard was by no means balsam for my ears. But there was never a word that did not accord with the Paris that I love. Many errors regarding us came to light; but never one that was not open to ready correction; never one that was benighted and narrow.

My friends wanted to talk these things over; that was the decisive fact. They realized their knowledge of Germany was inadequate. They wanted to learn; yes, they wanted to get closer to us. Their desire to comprehend us is incomparably greater than their desire to understand England. The Entente is a purely political affair, concerning which you read in the newspapers the precise opposite of what you hear in personal conversation. According to the press, political relations with Germany are hopeless. But there are other relations now forming. Naturally these are as yet entirely nonpolitical; but they will ultimately express themselves in politics.

I share the weakness of most German literary men of knowing nothing about politics. Therefore, I shall not venture to say much of France and the Entente. Moreover, there is nothing to be said that cannot be read daily in a hundred different forms. Poincaré is an affliction that will pass. I can spare words here for only a few hasty observations regarding the other France.

I arrived in the morning and was invited to take breakfast at noon with my friends. There are several excellent ways of serving sole, and of dressing romaine salad; and it was no ordinary pleasure to taste real Camembert again. We talked about the theatre, books, pictures, and the follies of the day, all of which was stimulating and not wearisome. When the Camembert arrived — let me confess and have it over with: for the first three days I ate Camembert morning, noon, and night — we got around to politics: the stupidity of French statesmen, the denseness of foreign statesmen. My God, what a sad mess! We had strawberries and cream, and chartreuse was served with our coffee. Yes, if it were not for this cursed political situation we could get along excellently in this world. But it is such a cursed, cantankerous situation! Yes, yes, and no end in sight. However, my kind hosts urged that there was one factor in it which could not be disputed.

'What?' I would ask eagerly. This chartreuse was reviving in me old capacities that had been asleep for years.

'Tell me,' said my host pleasantly, 'why don't you meet that Reparations debt? Just pay up, my lad, and get that thing out of the way. Let's have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Reparations over and done with. Won't you have another glass?'

The chartreuse was invariably an overture to Reparations talks repeated with every possible variation until the subject seemed to be squeezed dry. What my friends told me when they invited me to visit them is literally true. Conditions are not bad in Paris. They are inconceivably divine, and I pity profoundly our young men in Germany who have never visited this city, and probably never will. I don't know how a person can comprehend the world without knowing Paris thoroughly.

People have talked Reparations with me many, many times; always courteously, sometimes kindly, and even sympathetically. Literary men, merchants, officials, theatre directors, hotel porters have brought up the subject. Even slender Yvonne from Marseille, she of the dark, speaking eyes, came to sit beside me one evening and whisper confidentially in my ear: '*Mais réparez donc, chéri!*'

One thing is certain. If we could meet our Reparations debts, the situation would at once clarify; I do not mean that things would be just as they were only eight years ago, but as they were for instance twenty and thirty years ago. A person who refuses to believe that does not understand the French. Our relations would be as good as those between France and any other country in the world. That does not mean real fraternity. You can never deprive the French of their instinctive feeling that they are the chosen people of Europe; that they are the blessed of God, and the most abundantly endowed with the higher values of life. This instinct is scarcely known to themselves, and has to compromise with their all-embracing skepticism. One of them, a gentleman of the best circles, said to me after a long conversation upon nationalities and races: 'If I have to decide between Germany and France, I give Germany the preference, because France is my own country.'

All-powerful as phrases are in the press, they have no authority in private conversation. An executioner stands behind every popular ideal. The spiritual man who demands this never lived in Germany, and will never go to Germany. The people here mock their own country as Romans mocked the Church in the days of her greatest glory. Their skepticism is the fruit of their self-discipline. It is part of the urbane esprit of the Parisian. We all recall how contemptuously Flaubert spoke of Paris, and how quickly he shouldered a rifle when we attacked it. They fancy that we are in many ways better than they are; but Paris is Rome, and beyond its gates live the barbarians.

Of course no cultivated Parisian would say that. Perhaps he would not even permit himself consciously to think it. Frenchmen hate England as the hereditary enemy of their enlightenment, their ethics, their infinitely superior *convenance;* and they consider English egoism brutal. They really fancy that England is more barbarous than Germany, because they love our music, appreciate our literature, and understand the universal sympathies of our greatest intellects. However, in their hearts they regard Germany as merely a celestial body revolving outside their orbit. They regard her as perhaps the most prominent body there — far more brilliant than England, to say nothing of mysterious Russia, whom they cannot understand. It was thus twenty years ago; it has always been so. The war has left them practically unchanged in this respect.

This innate instinct is the greatest obstacle to mutual understanding. The French are to-day the only nation with whom the idea of 'world unity' has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

become neither a current phrase nor an economic concept. They think in universal terms; they have universal forms; but they speak only French.

Few Frenchmen have clear ideas regarding Reparations, and they have no desire to study the problem in detail. This interests us Germans. No one was offended with me because when war was actually upon us I was not a pacifist. I believe they like me better because I never apologized for that; they took my defense of my country as the natural and proper thing. They regard pacifists about as they regard cubists in the field of art — as representatives of a played-out fad. Neither did I hear any talk of alleged German atrocities. The war was something past and settled. But Reparations, let's have that subject done for and out of the way!

The *rentier* instinct, which lies behind this sentiment, is not sufficiently appreciated outside France. But that instinct also is intimately related to French culture. They do not want to work the way we Germans do; and it is right they should have this feeling.

I have tried my best to understand the broad outlines of the Reparations question, and have had precisely the same experience as with Einstein's theory. The problem begins just where I cease to understand. The desire of France is honest, natural, and legitimate. I believe there is no responsible public man in Germany who needs to be persuaded to go to the limit of our capacity in settling our obligations. I have the impression that our own people are conducting themselves honestly in this matter, not only because they are honorable at heart, but also because that is the wise course. Shiftiness is folly in big business. Our men of influence are big business men. This is the dominant trait of modern Germany. Is it likewise of France? A people may be very great and yet lack the business instinct. The question suggests itself, whether the immeasurable superiority of French culture is not conditioned by this very absence of the business sense.

Anyway, I could not escape an impression, in talking with Frenchmen, that they conceive the Reparations problem in too simple terms — so to speak, in too expressionist and futurist a way — at the sacrifice of logical analysis and accuracy of detail. This came to my mind with especial force when they kept recurring to the analogy between the way France paid her indemnity in 1870–71 and the situation to-day. They would keep telling me: 'I beg your pardon; but just remember what we did. Our sense of honor impelled us to pay promptly. Have another glass.'

They do not say to their guests: 'Your nation refuses to pay because it has no sense of honor'; but that idea lies nearer to their hearts than we might desire. Moreover, this opinion does not imply malice toward Germany. It is the natural result of regarding whatever lies outside France as untamed and savage. They assume that barbarians naturally cannot have the fine sense of honor that Frenchmen feel: were France in our place, her conduct would be very different from ours.

If a man ventures to suggest the obvious differences between conditions now and in 1870, they readily admit that our case is an exceedingly hard one; but their unconscious assumption of superiority causes them to jump to a new conclusion. They will not dwell for a moment on the actual distress of Germany, but proceed to the question, who is responsible for that distress; and this leads invariably to our responsibility for the war.

The true Parisian has the charming gift of remaining a child all his life. Paris itself and Parisian art reveal this. Artists have the right to leave out of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

composition whatever does not serve their purpose. Poussin considered Raphael an ass — naturally only in certain respects. The French do not think us dishonest, but merely lacking in that fine sense of honor that would compel us to stamp a mere bagatelle of several hundred billion marks out of the earth. We are not so much lacking in morals as in fineness of feeling and sensibility; our defect is in some way related to our inadequate appreciation of the classics: it is a racial peculiarity, like the fair complexion of our women, and our habit of saying *Mahlzeit* after meals. Our genius for industrial pursuits merely strengthens this prejudice.

Naturally, a consciousness of being looked at in this way detracted from the flavor of my chartreuse, and German readers may not quite understand why I did not, under the circumstances, refuse such hospitality. It would have been much simpler to leave and take a walk in the Luxembourg Garden, or by the Seine, which has seen so many ideas of honor slip. But we do not get ahead this way. Probably the gentlemen who represent Germany in the Reparations Conference hear harsher things than I did, without the compensation of chartreuse or the memory of a charming and intellectual conversation, or the witty remarks of black-eyed Yvonne from Marseille. But to me it seems my highest duty as a patriotic citizen to help these people understand us.

Even if I did not have this patriotic motive, human sympathy and sense of duty would impel me to do the same. Every one of us who comes in contact with people of the other nations must do his share to repair the damage that other Germans with a more callous sense of honor and harder fists have wrought, and that we either wittingly or unwittingly permitted them to do. Whoever shirks this duty is no true son of Germany. No matter how loud-mouthed his patriotism, he is a blind, brutal beast, and a real Boche.

It is no difficult task to play our part well in a society where everyone recognizes as a matter of course that we are respectable and humane. We have proceeded too long upon the assumption that that is the universal opinion of us. To-day we have a long fight before us to recover the good repute we have lost.

Disregard for a moment the question how far we can satisfy France's demand for material reparations. There are limits to our ability to pay. But there are no limits to the moral and personal obligation that rests upon every one of us to make good our spiritual errors. The more readily we shoulder this burden, the freer we shall be. We must come to an understanding with France. There is no other way to restore Germany or to restore the world. That nation was our worthiest enemy. She possesses qualities that contrast most sharply with German qualities that we know are weaknesses, though they may be only superficial. The French, too, have unfortunate qualities that repel us, and are dangerous for the world. But they are at the core a people whom neither we nor the world can do without. We should be poorer without an appreciation of the attainments of the Slavs; we should miss many comforts were it not for England; without Italy the world would be deprived of pleasures that never die; but without France, all civilization would lack its finest bloom of culture, and some of its finest intellectual gifts would be irretrievably lost. We need France not only to help us struggle out of our own misery, but to help Europe as well. We may call Germany the head or the belly or the arms of Europe — I leave such figures of speech to others — but I should not care for a Germany without a France.

There is a canaille in France as in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every country. There are mischievous errors in France as elsewhere. It is not worth while to enlighten a canaille, although I have the highest regard for men who seek to do so. To tell the truth, the irredeemable canaille is much smaller than we imagine. But the intelligent, open-minded people who utterly misconceive what Germany and the Germans are, are as common in France as well-dressed women; and a reasonable German can daily convince ten such people that they are mistaken.

There are, to be sure, Frenchmen of influence who accuse their country of war guilt, with as much passion as many Germans show in accusing their own country. We must not imagine that what we call 'bad patriots' are peculiar to our nation. This passion of self-accusation may be a very powerful sentiment, and I would not reprehend it, except when the person who cherishes it does so in a holier-than-thou spirit. Guilt for the war is an elusive question, apparently in its way as difficult of solution as the question of Reparations. I should like to know how many admitted their guilt at the time of the Flood.

Our economists imagine that any Platonic professions of good intentions we may make have no interest for the French. We may admit that. But, after all, it is a cheap conclusion; for they are equally in error who imagine that reconciliation is a mere matter of paying debts. I believe that an obligation to make personal reparation rests upon all of us; and I shall do my share to meet that obligation.

Let me use as the text of my recantation an article of mine published in the *Berliner Tageblatt* in September 1914. It was an article to which exaggerated importance was attached in France. I said: 'If the inconceivable should happen, if all else should fail us, the throne would survive.' It was not the actual throne, but faith in the throne that misled me. 'In our unbelieving age there still survives something higher than materialism, something by which men swear, something that unites the poor with the rich, the simple with the wise.' Naturally I concluded that no other nation possessed such a powerful symbol of self-preservation. French skepticism would not tolerate a Barbarossa. 'The French have had every form of government and been faithful to no one of them.' In France 'intellect has completely subdued the material in which it works, and thereby robbed the nation of its vigor. Pictures and fair phrases are no weapons against an enemy on the border.' But that enemy must be worthy of those whom he overcomes. The Germans were fighting soldiers, not beauty. There was a Hellas in France that must be reverenced as sacred, that we must not dare approach except with clean hands. I warned our warriors and our people at home against hysterical patriotism. 'Let us not confuse love of country with that cheap patriotism which would stake on a throw of the dice all the highest attainments of peace.' You see, in those days men wrote all kinds of nonsense.

It was not an article likely to stamp me as a ruthless Goth; but it is no apology for my blunder that I ranked among the moderates in those days. A man who knew France as well as I did, and whose native country was Germany, should have seen more clearly. I cannot urge in extenuation that I soon revised my views; for I did not. Naturally I soon saw as well as anyone who had eyes to see, and the will to use them, what a monstrosity was the war our nation had begotten. But there was something in my sentiment in 1914, and in the sentiment of many other men, though alas not of a majority,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that still remains with me, a sentiment of higher world-brotherhood.

Our war enthusiasm of 1914 was inspired by many impulses for which we must do penance to-day, impulses whose ugly aspects have not grown fairer with the lapse of time. Nevertheless what lay beneath it all was the concept of union, a consciousness of community that seized the whole nation overnight, gilded the throne, silenced our doubts, steeled us to sacrifice. But other nations do not need the stimulant of war to bring about such an awakening as this. Frenchmen or Englishmen do not have to go mad before they realize that they belong to a single family.

All politics contain a generous amount of humbug; but nations having political insight are swindled differently from us. We were deluded with the bait of simpletons: the Kaiser's hysterical running to and fro, sabre-rattling, pompous boasting — puerilities that should have deceived no sensible man for a moment. It took the German's trusting love of worship to fall into such a trap. In 1916, after I got back from Siberia, I wished to give a couple of lectures, to show that though Russia did not have an altogether pleasant climate, it was no such 'hogpen' as our Germans were told. My object was to alleviate the worry of families who had war prisoners in that country. Those lectures were forbidden. Even my comrades-at arms thought I was a fool because I could report no Cossack atrocities; so I lost credit with them.

During our kindly, tender, serious talks in Paris about Reparations, I would raise the point that, after all, Germany had had a revolution, and was under a republican Government that ought not to be held responsible for all the mistakes of the old régime. Thereupon my hosts would smile amiably, and there would be a moment's pause in the conversation. Then some person would inquire politely after the health of M. Ludendorff. That was always an uncomfortable question. My friends were not bloodthirsty; but I realized that if we had hanged Ludendorff Reparations would be simpler.

Thereupon I would argue that you could not indefinitely continue executing people; whereupon I would face further inquiries, regarding the health of a number of other distinguished Germans who have suddenly vanished of late from public life.

Frenchmen refuse to take our well-oiled revolution seriously. In fact, they insist that we have had no revolution, or that our revolution accomplished nothing: that our republic is a spoiled Camembert.

My reply would usually be: My dear friend, have whatever opinion of us you will. But if there has been a republic in France, at least intermittently, for more than a century, and an attempt is made to set up a similar government in a neighboring country, is it not incumbent upon the older republic to help her new sister so far as she is really republican in her forms and sympathies? Yes, our revolution differs from yours. That fact is due to a multitude of different conditions and qualities in the two nations. Our revolution is more like that of Luther, against which objections may be raised, but which, after all, had its advantages. You have Robespierre; we have Kant. Yes, we are very lukewarm republicans, and monarchy suits us better. You must understand that monarchy did not mean to us merely a pompous court, although William II pushed that aspect to absurdity; it meant to us a bond that held us together. You Frenchmen know better than any other people what weight to attach to political forms; you know only too well that one can sometimes be more republican

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under a king than under a president. I was not entirely wrong when I predicted bad things of your Government at the beginning of the war. To be sure, the Republic survives. It survives not because of its own merits, but because you love your country with such absurd devotion that you can stand civic anarchy.

My blunder was not in predicting the failure of your Government, but in imagining that a nation so highly civilized as you could not foil our weapons. I fancied that with your small families, your feminine refinements, your pretty pictures, your polished speeches, you would be at a physical disadvantage. It is a blessing for you, and a blessing for the world, that my conjecture was wrong. But what saved you was not your famous Republic, but your qualities of race. I extolled those for twenty years before the war, and need not repeat my eulogies.

With us, political forms are more important. We worshiped the State as you worship your race. What held us together was a sense of duty to a Government, loyalty to a flag and a coat of arms. As a mere race, we have no unity. No two Germans have the same opinions. What is an owl to one is a nightingale to another. The Bavarian hates the Prussian, and the German of the West has nothing in common with the German of the East. But the Government gathered us all under its wings; and the Germans would sooner have believed that white was black, than have doubted the omnipotence and the impregnability of the State.

Now that has disappeared, and there is an immense void in Germany. We feel like naked people whose clothes have been stolen while we were bathing. Naturally, we shall replace in some manner what we have lost. We are industrious people. But do not throw us back into the water. Our throne has been discredited and is gone forever. An institution that collapses under such conditions as ours can never come back. Perhaps you should congratulate yourselves that we chose this way rather than the guillotine.

Reparations, as you conceive them, are a beautiful dream; but if you continue to believe in that dream, I can see no future for the world. We Germans have not your ability to live in a state of tempered anarchy. A demoralized Germany, a Germany that has lost her sense of loyalty to the State, would be the pest of Europe. An overwhelming majority of our people are done with Ludendorffs for all time; and many a German monarchist — like myself, for instance — would go over to the Bolsheviki if the Kaiser came back.

If you resort to force, you will dissipate the last dream of Germany. And a Germany without her dream will make Europe a desert. If mankind is to be ruled with the fist, you will be the first nation to find existence not worth the gift. You proved in the war that the highest civilization does not make men effeminate. Would you, in times of peace, exalt brawn above intellect? If you espouse the errors that we are just beginning to outlive, Reparations will mean nothing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

From the *Daily Telegraph, September*
(London Independent-Conservative Daily)

The eccentric Englishman who played so prominent and inevitable a part in French literature during the nineteenth century — who is in the *Wandering Jew* of Eugène Sue; in *La Double Maîtresse* of Henri de Regnier; who is in the libretto of *La Bohème* — has almost disappeared; the two nations understand each other too well now for the possibility of the caricature. And yet if any French writer of genius and of some irony had ever known and studied Wilfrid Scawen Blunt carefully and closely, there would have been a remarkable addition to the long gallery of eccentric Englishmen that puzzle the French observer.

Wilfrid Blunt had all the authentic marks and tokens of the type. He was rich; he was an incessant globe-trotter; he always took up the eccentric side, and generally was the severest critic of his own country and countrymen; he was as much a lover of vagabondage and of the vagabond as George Borrow, with the difference that Borrow's experiences were limited to his own country and to Spain, while Blunt's belong to almost the entire East. Blunt was in every respect a bundle of such contradictions that possibly he could be regarded just for that reason as typically English; no other race could produce such a paradox.

He was a Sussex squire to his fingertips; he was a Tory of the most old-fashioned type; he knew everybody worth knowing in the best society of his own country, and was related to all its aristocracy; and yet he spent much of his life amid the wild peoples of untracked deserts, becoming almost one of themselves, in method of thought, in the revolt of the nomad against the regularities of civilization. A devout Catholic in youth and by tradition, he oscillated first toward some form of Oriental faith, and later into stark materialism. He was so rapid and changeful in movement that one month he was in the very intimacies of the high political circles of London, and the next was ruminating with a sheik or a mullah over the liberation of the Egyptians and the reform of Islam.

He was the most garrulous of men with his pen, for he kept a diary throughout all the long spell of his years and amid surroundings most diverse and remote one from the other; yet in private life he could be as obstinately and mysteriously silent as the Sphinx by the side of which he spent so much of his time. He followed the hounds in his native county, and yet he seemed just as much a natural part of the landscape seated on an Arab steed amid the boundless deserts. He could be a Parliamentary candidate and an Oriental conspirator.

In short, there rarely has been, even amid the long array of English eccentrics, a man with a fuller, a more varied, a more startling life. Futile, irresponsible, even mischievous that life may have been, and happy it rarely was; but for fullness it was perhaps unequaled by the life of any countryman, or indeed of any man of his time.

It will be impossible for me within

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the limits at my disposal to give anything like an adequate picture of such a man and of such a life; his own works, largely autobiographical and all intensely interesting and very characteristic, childlike, sometimes even shameless and almost unfair in their nudity of self-revelation and of the revelation of others — his own works form almost a library; they run to more than a dozen volumes. He kept a diary, as I have said, over practically all his years, under every change of sky and circumstance; and there is scarcely a line in any one of them that is not worth reading; they have carried me through many a bad night.

Let me describe the first time I stayed with him in his own home in Sussex, Crabbet Park, which he occupied till he gave it up to his daughter, his only child. The little family of three were all there together; in time they were separated, partly by distance, partly by quarrel. The two female figures were in their way as interesting as the head of the household. Lady Anne Blunt, his wife, had ancestry no less distinguished than his. She was the only daughter of Ada, Byron's only daughter.

Lady Anne was a remarkable woman, strong in character, inflexible in will. But one had to know her to find out these things; she seemed, and looked, and spoke like the most typical form of English reticence and self-restraint. She was a very tiny woman, with a somewhat bronzed and weather-beaten complexion. The features were small; the one remarkable thing in the face was the eyes, not very large, but very dark, with a latent fire in them that might mean anything.

The other female figure I never saw again after this visit. She was just sixteen, or some age like that. She resembled the father more than the mother, and I don't think I ever saw a more beautiful figure than she was at that epoch of her life.

Wilfrid Blunt himself, however, stood out with an uncanny distinction from everybody — even from these two remarkable women who comprised his family. He was very tall, very robust, though there was not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his strong frame. The shoulders were broad, the chest deep. It was the figure of a man who always kept himself under the sternest discipline: for many years he never tasted wine, and he was, when well, always on horseback, whether on the green grass of Sussex or on the sand of the desert. He wore a long beard; his nose was aquiline, his mouth beautiful in shape, very firm, his eyes enigmatic and profound. Altogether he looked a mysterious figure — and might just as well have been an Eastern chief as a Sussex squire.

At that period the whole family belonged, apparently with ardor, to the Roman Catholic faith. There was a small chapel in the house; thither came a monk from a neighboring monastery to say Mass, which the whole family attended. It was early in the morning; the service was short and simple, and the little congregation was commendably attentive and collected. There was only one distraction: the notes of the cooing pigeons mingled in curious harmony with the words of the Mass as they came with a certain subdued sound in the little chapel from the lips of the priest. It was a somewhat curious scene in the country house of an ancient squire family and in the presence of the granddaughter and great-granddaughter of the mocking spirit of Byron.

In the evening I had a glimpse of another and a more curious side of Blunt's character. When we came down to dinner I saw a strange Eastern figure seated at a table in the library with a book before him. The figure was envel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oped in great, flowing, dark robes: there was some kind of strange covering on the head. It might have been Ivanhoe in undress that recalled his coat of armor; it might have been the Mahdi as he approached the high service that was to inspire his troops with fanatical faith and bravery.

Indeed, the home of Blunt was such an asylum for all the wandering beings of the East that you might well have found any Oriental figure in his study. That very day there had come to him — of course for financial assistance — a venerable old man who seemed just to have stepped out of the engravings of the Old Testament, with long white beard, hooked nose, lustrous soft brown eyes, and turbaned head. It was no less a personage than the Head of the Samaritans, direct descendants of that semiheretical and semioutcast tribe whose generosity has become one of the imperishable memories of the world of ancient Judea.

It was, however, no stranger, this dark-robed figure I found in the library: it was Wilfrid Blunt himself. He stood up and offered his arm in the truest British fashion to the lady he was taking in to dinner. She was somewhat small in stature, and they made a curious contrast — this tall, veiled figure stooping down to her, and with his English manners in strange contrast with his Oriental garb. I thought it a revelation of the man to his innermost fibres: his incessant leaning to the East on the one hand, a certain love of theatrical pose on the other; with the absence of that spirit of self-mockery which keeps so many Englishmen from doing stupid things.

On this occasion I found Wilfrid Blunt living in an atmosphere — it was the only atmosphere that could suit him — of circumambient female devotion, almost female worship. Lady Anne exhibited to her guests everything associated with him; if he had been a prophet and she a pious Mohammedan, or a saint and she a blind devotee, she could not have exhibited greater solicitude in collecting and preserving all the things to which the sacred hands of her husband had been in any way attached. There was a volume, for instance, of sketches in pencil which did not strike me as particularly good; indeed they were very poor portraits of any of the men I knew, — Labouchère among them, — but she exhibited them with that cold, self-repressed but ardent manner of hers that showed her tremendous interest in them, with appropriate observations on them as though they marked different phases in the growth of a great artistic genius.

'At this time,' she would say, 'he had a tendency to see the grotesque side of things.' 'This is another type of work,' as though she were speaking of the earlier and the later manner of a Raphael. The idol meantime kept apart — with impersonal and demigod-like indifference, and possibly real enjoyment of this blind worship. He was as a silent and remote Buddha, too self-absorbed and too holy to pay much attention to a worship he was so conscious of deserving.

As I have mentioned Labouchère, I may as well go on to say that Labby dated from the time when both he and Blunt were young attachés in the different embassies of the world. It was these early experiences that made Blunt so very interesting, for there was scarcely a great man or a great event of his long life with which he had not come into contact, for he lived to a great age and lived almost every hour of the time. He was able to draw a picture gallery of men and events in those books of his that makes them one of the most valuable records of his times. Nobody, indeed, who wants to know the world, especially the high social and political

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world, can be without Blunt's volumes. Every now and then you come across some splendid and living portrait of a man whom Blunt knew before the celebrity was yet known to history.

Blunt might have been little better than an amateur politician and a restless globe-trotter — and now and then a poet of some distinction — if he had not been drawn to Egypt, and through Egypt to the life and the language and the interests of the East. Acquiring a knowledge of Arabic, drawn by its philosophers and to some extent by its creed, — Blunt belonged to almost every possible faith and unfaith at different epochs in his career, — he settled down in Egypt just at the moment when her people were restless and, under the influence of Arabi Pasha, preparing for the attempt to get rid of all foreign control which ended at that epoch so disastrously.

Blunt, in whatsoever way his career and his impressionable and changeable mind can be charged with inconsistency, remained consistent on one or two great issues. By a curious paradox his strong English Toryism led in him to as fierce a detestation of the extension of the Empire as a love for the small island itself. He was, as he often said, the most convinced, inflexible 'Little Englander' of his generation; not, it must be said, for want of love for England, but almost from its excess.

The second point — which rather sprang from the first — was his intense sympathy with the weaker and the oppressed or conquered races. He carried this passion to an extent that sometimes endangered the interests of his own country and brought upon him intense unpopularity; he often speaks of himself quite justly as an Ishmaelite who was unwelcome in any of the circles to which by birth and station he naturally belonged — an outlawry which he did not very much resent. He dwelt too much in himself to care really for what other people thought about him. To Arabi and to his movement Blunt lent all his support; and on the other hand, to Lord Cromer he gave hatred that scarcely ever for a moment relaxed. When Arabi was beaten and put on trial, it was to Blunt that he owed his escape from death.

To successive Khedives Blunt was to prove almost as troublesome as to Cromer and his own Government, for every Khedive who did not throw in his lot with the National movement was certain of Blunt's resentment. From the first moment to the last he never wavered in the conviction that the interest, as well as the honor, of England was against the retention of our power in Egypt; and he fought everybody — from Cromer and the Khedive to successive Ministers in Egypt — on those lines. It was this keen interest in Egypt that led to one of the great new departures in his life. Anybody who knows Cairo will know Sheykh Obeyd — the historic residence in which Blunt and his wife spent their winters for many years. The best description I can give of that wonderful house is one from his own pen: —

> The house is merely the old gardener's house, with two rooms added, four in all, and an open *salamlik*, which I use as sitting-room. . . . My room is like a lantern with windows facing east, north, and west, and from my bed I can see the first glimmer of the false dawn, which makes the owls hoot and the jackals cry. Then, with the real dawn, crows begin to pass overhead, and I get up and go outside the garden wall, where I sit at the desert's edge and wait for the sunrise. At this hour one sees all the wild life of the place — foxes, ichneumons, jackals, and birds in great variety: kites, kestrels, doves, and occasionally a woodcock at flight from the marshes to the garden, where he would spend the day.
>
> There are night ravens, too, which have their home in the lebbek trees next the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

house, and now in wintertime a flock of rooks with their attendant jackdaws. This is a rarity in Egypt, as rooks are never seen south of Cairo. There are two foxes which live inside the garden, and I see them most days; they sleep generally in the daytime behind some cactuses or at the foot of a palm tree, and they often jump up as I walk round, and trot away. They come sometimes within a few yards of my feet, being accustomed to the workpeople, and not afraid of me because I wear an Arab dress.

It was here that I found Lady Anne on a visit to Cairo. She was just the same as she had always been — very tranquil, very reserved, very equable, somewhat terse in her words, though she took some satisfaction in showing the various beauties and features of the place. Two grandchildren — the children of that beautiful young girl I had seen some years before in her wonderful girlhood — were with Lady Anne; but not Blunt himself.

There were whispers that the extraordinary devotion of which I had seen such proofs during my visit to them at Crabbet Park had been broken. There were whispers that the soul as well as the muse of Blunt had had its vagaries; and this cold, proud, resolute little lady was not the one to endure a divided allegiance — there was far too much of Byron and of that Miss Milbanke who became Lady Byron to stand this. Indeed, I heard a strange rumor — half joke, perhaps — that there was a man among the servants around Lady Anne who had instructions to shoot Mr. Blunt at sight if he attempted to enter on the grounds in which his wife was living thus alone. I believe there was a reconciliation when they were both old, and shortly before she died.

As is known, Blunt, amid his other excursions into political adventure, entered the Irish movement just at the moment when it was at its stormiest. Mr. Balfour was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and was engaged in death-grips with the League, of which Mr. Parnell was the chief. There were up and down Ireland fierce campaigns against the landlords — not yet dispossessed by the subsequent Land Purchase Acts. Mr. Blunt belonged to the same class, even to the same set, as Mr. Balfour, and by and by they often met, and became even friendly. But at the moment Mr. Balfour could be no respecter of persons, and accordingly when Mr. Blunt held a meeting, in spite of a proclamation from Dublin Castle, Mr. Balfour had him prosecuted, tried before two resident magistrates, and sent to Galway Gaol.

There was an appeal from the sentence and a trial in Dublin, which, owing to the reputation of the defendant, was regarded as almost rising to the height of a great State process. There were, it is said, eleven of the jurors in favor of Mr. Blunt, but one obstinate man who stood out was always declared by Blunt to have changed the course of history. His calculation was that if he had beaten Mr. Balfour in this trial he would have been returned to Parliament, and that might have brought the defeat of the Balfour régime.

What did happen was that Mr. Blunt, who had stood not long before as an old-fashioned Tory candidate for Parliament, now put up as a strong Home Ruler, and therefore as for the moment a supporter of the Liberal Party, for which he never had any love, and which he continued rather to despise to the end of his days. Blunt had, among his many complaints of his prison treatment, mentioned that he had not been allowed a copy of his own book; Labby, speaking privately to the Marquis of Carmarthen, afterward the Duke of Leeds, and then an active young politician, recommended the young Tory speaker to express regret

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that Blunt's book had been deprived of its only reader!

It was practically the end of his career as a British politician. He fled soon after his release to that paradise which he had created for himself on the borders of the great desert, and within sight of all the glories of Cairo. There Mr. Blunt could keep in touch with all the leaders of Arab thought. It is singular to read in his diaries of his intimate friendship with men whose names are so different from those of his own land; with them Blunt seems to have become almost as akin in thought, sympathy, and speech, as if his birth had been on an oasis in the midst of the desert instead of in the leafy luxuriance of a Sussex home.

He led a life which had a special appeal to one of his temperament. He could ride all day long; he now and then went on strange and perilous adventures — sometimes at the very great risk of his life — into unexplored regions amid people savage and suspicious; and once he was assaulted and very nearly killed. With habits as ascetic as those of any genuine Mohammedan or nomad of the desert, he could roam across those sandy dry plains without any sense of the want of the good dinner-table and the wines which are demanded by the average Englishman of a round purse.

Dressed in the garb of the nomads, I am sure that he looked like one of them, and probably was taken by them as one of themselves. He speaks over and over again with intense feeling of affection and respect for Mohammedans who were engaged in the attempts to uplift their people; and with equal contempt he treats all those whom he regarded as time servers and trimmers, not reaching the exacting standard which he set up for the patriotism of the Egyptian politician of the day.

But in spite of the tremendous attractions of this desert home, Blunt always returned to his Sussex home and to that place in political society in London which he ever kept. He never could repress a very keen interest in all that was going on, and whenever he was convinced of the justice of any cause he gave to it an extraordinary amount of activity, seeing everybody, writing to every newspaper that would accept his contributions, tireless, unselfish, and willing to work in obscurity. Remaining always something of the primordial Tory which he was early in life, he found his most congenial companionship in the cultured little group of high Tories who gathered around Mr. Balfour. He was, if not one, at least an intimate, of the select body that played a large though unseen part in the political and social life of London toward the close of the nineteenth century — George Wyndham, Harry Cust, Mrs. Asquith, and so many of the figures that once flamed so brilliantly in the firmament of London society, and now are, most of them, known no more.

I should say something of an enterprise which played a large and in the end a somewhat gloomy part in his life. He and his wife resolved to transplant to England horses of the Arab breed which had played so large a part in history, and their stable became famous. Every year they would have a sale, and the sale was attended by a great company regaled at an excellent lunch, and bidding pretty briskly for the lovely animals paraded before them.

The ownership of the stud was divided between the husband and wife, and when the wife died the Law Courts were occupied for days with a dispute as to the ownership of the animals between the octogenarian father and that daughter whose sweet face, as Tennyson puts it in one of his poems, he ought to have kissed in his last embrace. The closing days of this remarkable man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were filled with disappointment, and again and again one comes upon passages that speak of every hope disappointed, every purpose defeated.

> A black melancholy is on me, caused by a sense of my failure everywhere in life. My poetry, my Eastern politics, my Arab horse-breeding, were strings to my bow, and they have, one after another, snapped; and to-day, looking through my memoirs, I perceive how slackly they are written, and how unworthy they are of survival. Yet the diaries are full of things too important for me to destroy, and they overwhelm me with despair.

One sometimes asks what were these hopes, what these purposes; and one is driven to the feeling that both were false, and deserved to end in disappointment. I asked Mr. Winston Churchill, who was a great friend of his, to tell me what the hopes and the purposes were. 'I don't know,' he said, 'unless it was the break-up of the British Empire.' And then he repeated a little conversation with Blunt, in which he asked him what he really wanted to see in the world. 'I want,' said Blunt, 'to see the yellow man beat the white, the brown beat the yellow, the black beat the brown.' 'All you could add,' said his interlocutor, who has a sense of humor, 'is that the baboon should beat the black.' 'Yes,' said Blunt, 'I wish it could.'

Another of his purposes and hopes was some reform of Islam — a faith in which, now and then, he seemed to see great hopes for the purification of that world which he found so worthless. But that hope was defeated, he thought, by the occupation of Egypt and the defeat of Turkey; anyhow, everything was for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds.

One could not take too seriously the opinions of a man who was so self-contradictory and so changeable. He is afflicted with an illness and goes to the holy well, which bears the name of St. Winifred in Wales; he believes the miraculous waters do him good, and recommends others similarly afflicted to try the same cure. But in the same breath he renounces all the faith that underlay the mystery of the Catholic well, and the faith also of his own fathers, for over and over again he calls out that there is no God, no future life.

Such was this strange, fascinating, gifted, yet futile man. It is the wisest as the most charitable judgment to pass upon him that he had a pure purpose, perfect disinterestedness; that he opened his purse as well as his heart and his untiring energies to every cause in which he had faith; and that he chose his causes, not because they were prosperous, but because they were of the weak and the oppressed and the conquered. It was, when all is said and done, a lofty and a noble nature. His life was an Odyssey, and he was an epic figure.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEHIND THE MOORISH LINES

BY JEAN DU TAILLIS

[*Several months ago a Spanish journalist, Señor Luis de Oteyza, editor of* Libertad, *ventured to visit the camp of the Moroccan natives against whom the Spanish troops were fighting, and was well received. His feat has been duplicated by M. du Taillis, who approached the Rif from the South, by way of French Morocco, traveling in time of war through country almost unknown to Europeans, until he reached Abd-el-Krim, the Moroccan commander. This intrepid traveler has for twenty years been familiar with Morocco, and has been an acquaintance of Raisuli and other famous bandits.*]

From *L'Illustration, September* 2, 16
(French Illustrated Weekly)

Zag, *March* 28. — Once again we were in the saddle and in a flash were scaling the cliffs on the left bank of the river Fensang, and then the lower slopes of a hill that brought us to the edge of a huge plateau.

In spite of the clear sky, the night was pitchy black. The trail led downward amid large stones. Farther on, very far below us, we could divine — for we could not really see — a foggy expanse, striped zebra-fashion, here and there, by the searchlights of the Spanish advance posts at Dar Derviche or Dar Drius. Suddenly the hills about us were crowned with fire. Farther on, beyond the plain, there were other hills lifting above the fog, and on these too the fires were burning. Then the hoot of an owl, soft and low, to which an echo seemed to respond, like a 'cello with muted strings. Signals, calls!

'We are getting ready to attack this evening. As you see, there are double fires on all the hills.'

Soon the horizon all around was sparkling with a thousand beacons, as one after another the tribes responded with this signal from another age. It was like the reconstruction of an episode from the Gallic Wars.

We went on down through the ravines, until we reached the valley of the Kert, which here runs parallel to the sea. Suddenly there flashed out on the right, only a few kilometres away, the most unexpected sight in the world — a city, with row after row of lights glowing from a thousand electric bulbs. It was Dar Drius, stretching its bastions far into the plain, along rocky *oueds*, lighted up to foil the ruses of these wily fighters of the Rif, lurking in the tamarisks and mastics, whose wild shouts and war-cries came up to us.

Tafersit, *March* 31. — Abd-el-Krim, the commander, is at this moment visiting Midher. It is market day and he seizes the occasion to harangue his warriors. For some days the enemy has been employing new implements of war — the tanks; and the Riffians, brave though they are, regard them with a certain superstitious dread. They were fearful of those machines that flew through the air, higher than the mountains, and they fear these others that crawl through the grass like snakes. If their chief, Si-Mohand, as they call him, had not shown them how to construct deep caves in the ground under every dar, in which they could brave the bombs of the airplanes, they might, perhaps, have been demoralized. The appearance of the tanks required a new intervention on the part of their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chief, and that is why he has gone to the palaver at Midher to-day.

'Allah demands of true *Moujaheddine* (defenders of the faith) the sacrifice even of their lives. Allah demands a hundred fighting men, willing to die. Let those who have heard the call of Allah step one pace toward me.'

All, or nearly all, started forward. Si-Mohand selected a hundred of the most agile and, when he had taken them aside, confided the task that they were to accomplish. Each then departed, silent, grave, his face lighted as if with an inner glow. I have just seen them pass, this little company of a hundred Moujaheddine, who know how to march proudly to death. They hasten shoulder to shoulder down to the lower valley of the Kert, which is to be the scene of their sacrifice.

Dar Drius, from which comes the sound of artillery fire, seems to be their goal. Now dust-clouds rise in front of the enemy lines. The Moujaheddine, scattered over the plain, crouching under the brush, seem to see nothing and to hear nothing, not even the tremendous clatter of the motors or the heavy on-coming of the tanks, from whose turrets machine guns are spitting. Not a shot is fired by the believers, lying out of sight or littered like so many corpses over the field. The tanks have even passed over the bodies of some of them, and not a groan has borne witness to their sacrifice.

Suddenly terrible war-cries burst from the plain; a moment after, cries of fury and terror, and then three huge jets of flame. The ninety-three survivors of the hundred devotees — for the tanks have wiped out seven — have sprung suddenly out of the brush, all rising together; have surrounded the war-machines; and have clambered up on their steely shells. They have thrust the muzzles of their rifles into the peepholes, have thrown grenades into the portholes, and either have slaughtered their foes at their posts or have cut them down as they fled. Now the Moroccans, unable to make use of such weapons themselves have started fires that quickly penetrate to the gasoline reserves.

April 1. — This morning Alcaid Haddou wished me to review his troops. He took advantage of a day when there was no fighting on the front to have them pass before me and manœuvre for my benefit. Before everything else, these warriors are farmers, attached to the soil, and it is only when their turn on the roster comes — about one week in four — that they go into the line for their tour of duty.

The Alcaid blew a vigorous blast on his whistle. Literally like ants out of their hill, his warriors swarmed up out of the earth, out of clay houses, out of clumps of jujube trees. In the twinkling of an eye I was surrounded, almost submerged. All these fighting men wore the same jelab of brown and gray wool, striped with black bands, that constitutes the costume of the Rif tribesman whether he is a child or a graybeard. For the most part, they have forgotten the tarboosh, and present to the glowing rays of the sun, some a shaved head or a bald one, others a scanty stubble of thatch. In their ranks are a few old men, bearded like patriarchs, but with incomparably youthful faces set on the bodies of athletes, supple, well built, full-blooded. You don't have to go to America to see the result of a 'dry' régime.

To be sure, they have a good deal of difficulty in forming a line and holding it, but when they are advancing toward the enemy, they are very skillful at bending almost double to take advantage of cover. Once their presence is discovered, away with these ruses! With one knee on the earth and the rifle supported by the inevitable staff,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they take their sights coolly, slowly, accurately, imperturbably. What matter that the bullets whistle about their ears, provided only they may be sure that every shot they fire hits its man?

I spent a whole morning with them while they were busy with their favorite pastime — target-practice. The branch of a tree is stuck in the earth or at the corner of the platform of a house. A notch has been cut in one end in which they place a white stone the size of a pigeon's egg, and they take their stand some thirty paces off. At that distance, of course, the pigeon's egg is about the size of an enemy's head at six hundred metres. One after another they take their shots. Five times out of six the stone falls in fragments while the stick that holds it is not even touched.

The exactness of their artillery fire was disconcerting to the enemy, and the reason evidently is that they would come as close to the enemy as possible and then shoot a fieldpiece the way they fire a rifle — direct fire at very short range. Their chief of artillery was an old acquaintance of mine, a native lieutenant, a member of the military mission of Abd-el-Aziz, known as 'the man with the victorious cannon' — Mohammed Barnoussi, who had supervised all the battery emplacements and directed their fire under all circumstances.

Our presence and this unusual deployment of troops had been observed in Dar Drius: three airplanes swiftly took the air and swooped down on us. No sooner were they perceived than the warriors took to earth, where I joined them — in huge caverns, deeply sunken, which formed perfect shelters against the bombs of the aircraft. The aviators, furious at being balked of their prey, let fall their projectiles, of which only two burst before the door of our dar, covering our canteens with fine dust.

Last night, at Alcaid Haddou's command post, I was present while the orders to the alcaids of the various tribes were being prepared. All told, there are no more than a dozen tribes that recognize the supremacy of the war chief, Abd-el-Krim, and take part in the management of the country's affairs by sending representatives to the assembly of notables that constitutes what they call the Doula Djemaouria Riffia.

April 13. — Our little caravan moves slowly, glad to get a whiff of the fresh morning air and to admire the landscape. We surmount an unexpected obstacle: some trenches, dug in an odd way by the Riffians — dug backward, for in their inexperience the laborers have thrown the dirt in the rear of the excavation instead of in front. Now we begin to climb the hills of the Beni-Oulichekhs. No sooner have we left the plain than the landscape is transformed, the slopes are clad with sod, the gardens are adorned with flowers, and the fields stretch out their leafy carpet of wheat and barley.

Glancing down into the deep ravines, I recalled memories of what a dreadful road the route of this retreat had been. How, indeed, could one forget it? In spite of the violence of the autumn rains, the road was full of reminders. Although the torrents of the Oued Si-Salah and the Oued Djemaa had swept away by hundreds the bodies of the unfortunate Spanish soldiers, the soil was still sprinkled with their whitened bones. Here and there the ground seemed almost paved with them. History may yet bestow upon it the title of 'Skeleton Road,' and no name would be better justified.

The landscape was now wholly different from that through which I had previously been traveling. Up to their very summits, the hills and the mountains offered a charming tableau of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cultivated fields and clusters of fruit trees. The little towns themselves, perched on the grassy slopes and lost in verdure, recall the villages of the Jura Mountains with their herds of sheep and cattle pasturing on the thick grasses.

A grove of fig trees lured us to rest at a point where the road grew wider. Opposite us were scattered houses surrounded by magnificent olive trees — Ait Djabar, the picturesque village and the domain of Alcaid Si-Mohand-Tabar. From this upland he guarded the narrow valley along which the Spaniards retreated, and having recognized Colonel Morales, commander of the native troops, killed him with two shots from his Mauser. The shadow of four fig trees sheltered the last moments of that gallant and unfortunate soldier. No need to glance into the ravines that slope away to right and left of Barkaitzaguy or from the Bou-Yeri. They are dreadful charnels.

We set out again. Here, on the summit of a little hill, is an impressive-looking dar, with almond groves and peach orchards about it. A group of horsemen gallop to meet us — they are the retainers of the Alcaid Boukouddour, whose home is to be our abode for several days while we await the coming of Si-Mohand. The Alcaid, still a tall, erect man in spite of his great age, with an open, friendly face, gives us a hearty greeting, and we have scarcely time to wash off the dust of the journey before a *diffa* is offered for our refreshment, with little cheese patties, still warm and fragrant.

April 5. — To-day I have gone about only in the immediate vicinity. The Rif chiefs, remembering my previous visit, treat me like an old acquaintance.

What a perfect unity of life in all these villages, and how they all resemble one another, with their clusters of houses, all alike, without comfort or luxury, yet so perfectly suited to their purpose — fitted only with stone mills and rustic ovens, and the striking mass of an oil press, made of huge slabs of sandstone and tree-trunks roughly squared. In ordinary times how life must flow along here, unhurrying, the hours lazily pleasant and all alike, untroubled by our civilized fevers and desires. And how I applauded these 'savages' for defending so obstinately their golden mediocrity — so peaceful amid all the foreigner's useless wealth.

April 6. — Our hosts are spoiling us. They fear we may be cramped for space in the room that has been reserved for us in Alcaid Boukouddour's dar, and have decided to give us a whole house to ourselves. It is the dwelling where the Alcaid's own son lives with his family: his wife, — for most of the Riffians have but one, — his two little girls, and his servants, who are to move out to make room for us.

At noon, in the midst of our housewarming, a general tumult. Abd-el-Krim had been sighted, coming toward Ouchanene. Soon after I could make out with my glasses a little troop of horsemen, seven in all. In their midst, on a little black horse, rode a native of medium height, dressed in the same brown jelab as the others, but wearing the green turban. The faithful guard who had watched over me since I left Dar Chaief could hardly control himself.

'Si-Mohand!' he yelled to me. 'Si-Mohand!'

But already the little troop had vanished behind a crest. Soon after, word was brought me that Abd-el-Krim would give me audience immediately.

April 7. — I waited for that 'immediately' until nine o'clock at night. Here we are again in the dar of the Alcaid Boukouddour. In one of those long, narrow rooms I have already described, Abd-el-Krim is squatting Ori-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ental fashion, surrounded by four chiefs and alcaids, one of whom, like the leader himself, wears the green turban, the insignia of the Sidi or Cids, as well as a commander's badge of rank.

As we came in, the commander rose and approached me with outstretched hand. Greetings, expressions of friendship and of mutual esteem. His little black eyes gleam like living flame; his narrow forehead is wrinkled as if better to catch my words. His dark face ends in a short and scanty black beard and a fine moustache. His appearance as a whole lacks impressiveness but not distinction. The chief resembles some warrior of the Middle Ages, rather than a general. I had a feeling that I had seen this figure in some of the old books that contain the lives of the saints. I thought of Ignatius Loyola or of Philip II; certainly there was nothing in his appearance to suggest the Moors and their sultans, or even the refined Chleuhs of the Atlas Mountains.

Abd-el-Krim speaks Spanish correctly and understands French, but he insists that his staff shall understand both his words and my own — or rather, as I learned afterward, usage decrees that formal communications and messages must be addressed, not to Si-Mohand only, but to his associates, the four chiefs with him, who constitute the Government of the Rif. Among them, Si-Omar-ben-Abdessalam is obviously the most sensitive as well as the most influential. Before making his reply, Abd-el-Krim would turn to him to see what he should say, and like two augurs, they seemed to read one another's glances. The others remained silent and impassive, intent only on looking me over.

For two hours and a half our conference lasted, while we talked a little about almost everything on earth, and a great deal about events in the Rif. Abd-el-Krim did not fail to reiterate his grievances against the Spaniards and to repeat once more that all the people of the Rif were more determined than ever to defend the land of their ancestors and their country's independence against any foreign control.

'We do not refuse to open our land to the industry and commerce of the Christians. We understand perfectly that times have changed and that we, too, must be drawn into the torrent that has swept the world. Perhaps it is even a necessity for our tribes, since the struggle for a livelihood grows bitterer every day. But this change must not affect our institutions, the free disposition of our lands, and our complete independence. Political or military penetration, from whatever source it may come, will always find the Rif united, and determined on the fiercest resistance.'

The chieftain now informed me that he wished me to make the acquaintance of his brother, Si-Mhamed.

'I have sent a messenger for him to Peñon de Velez de la Gomera, where he is, as you know, successfully directing our operations. I have asked him to come here. You can talk with him and he will take you wherever you want to go. All of us approve whatever my brother does.'

April 9. — We were finishing dinner when the son of Alcaid Boukouddour arrived, leading Abd-el-Krim's own horse.

'Si-Mohand sends you his horse for a trip to-day. I am to be your guide. Come.'

A moment later we are moving at a lively trot toward the scarlet line of the mountains of Abarran, which stand across the road to Ajdir. As the trail climbs up to the summit of the col of Tahammart, the hills come nearer. On the spurs that command the road I can see outposts, most of them pro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vided with artillery of from seventy-five to ninety millimetres, carefully cared for and oiled with petrol. But we are far from Kert and these warriors seem to have a quiet front.

Presently four horsemen, riding hard, climbed the steep slopes, and I recognized one, whom I had taken back to France with me after my first trip — Abd-el-Krim-ben-Zian, cousin of the leader himself. As he grasped my hand, he introduced me to one of his companions, whom the two soldiers of the escort treated with evident respect. It was Si-Mhamed.

In perfect French the brother of Abd-el-Krim addressed me: '*Comment allez-vous? Je suis charmé de faire votre connaissance.*'

From that moment we were friends. Having studied two years in the School of Mines at Madrid, Si-Mhamed had developed in contact with our civilization his native qualities of kindness, graciousness, and intelligence. As we rode along he amazed me by the extent of his knowledge and the correctness of his opinions on European politics. I admired him for retaining — in spite of the war, which he wages with the same stubbornness as his brother — a certain fellow-feeling for his enemies of to-day, who were his teachers of yesterday.

With surprising frankness, he described the beginning of hostilities, which he would have been glad to forestall. He told me of his earlier collaboration with the Spanish business men, and — for he is at bottom very proud of his profession as engineer — he led the talk to the mineral riches of the Rif. To believe him, the whole region through which we were traveling is nothing but an immense block of iron, of the best quality and situated conveniently close to the sea. But he understands also the danger to his country of such fortune. 'Why should not we people of the Rif develop our own mines ourselves?' he asked. 'Do armies really have to invade a country and rob the inhabitants in order to point the way for the engineers?'

As he spoke, he showed me the huge bulk of the Djebel Hamman, which formed the horizon to the west and southwest. The river Ris bathes the foot of its rough slopes, and some forty miles in the interior the valley of the river is drenched by a torrent with perpetual waterfalls. For centuries they have been turning mills. Si-Mhamed knew what this water power might mean, and did not conceal his apprehensions for the future of his country and its proud independence.

April 11. — Conversations with Si-Mhamed, an interview with Abd-el-Krim, with four members of the mute Doula Djemaouria perpetually in attendance, occupied the greater part of my time. I had scarcely time yesterday — still in company with the agreeable engineer — to make a trip to the edge of the sea at Si-Driss. To-day we went to visit Annual and the ruins of its camps.

We cross the Oued Annual before clambering up the hillock on which General Silvestre built his *bordj* in the spring of 1921. The position is still girt by a parapet of stones, piled up without mortar to a height of about a metre. The barbed wire has disappeared almost everywhere. With the dominating hillock on which a guard detachment camped in the centre, lines of carefully aligned stone-walls mark the place where the soldiers' tents — which the walls helped to make more habitable — once stood. From the hilltop one can scan everything for several kilometres around, though without being able to see down the folds in the ground cut by the streams, which furnish marvelous sheltered roads.

East and west of this principal hill, which was occupied by the staff and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

European troops, are two other hills, a little smaller, where one can trace the outlines of temporary fortifications which were occupied by auxiliaries. About five kilometres to the south is the Iguerriben peak, the first one seized by the Riffian tribesmen after the fall of Abarran. Everywhere we find the Spanish posts are scattered and are placed on heights where water is hard to bring up.

Led on by a lively curiosity, I wandered about over the plateau, abandoned for a full nine months, though it seemed to have been quitted only yesterday by a column that might return at evening. Here was a line of caissons and sanitary wagons. Opposite was a new seventy-five, apparently in position, and lacking only the sights. In a redoubt close at hand were two field wireless-outfits, with their dynamos and motors, their antennæ, and their supports. Here was a heap of dismounted guns of every calibre, blackened with powder, covered with verdigris from the action of the weather — eloquent witnesses to desperate conflicts.

Scattered about amid the débris of the battle-field were numerous unexploded shells, which Abd-el-Krim's artillerymen had never thought of gathering up; but when I pointed them out to my companions, an old man, some women, delighted with all that gleaming metal, and even the children, picked up these dangerous instruments of war, and carried them off with their arms clasped across their breasts, with no more precaution than if the shells had been crying babies.

April 18. — It is time to think of returning, lest we abuse the hospitality of our hosts. All the tribes know us by this time, and give feasts in our honor. Some bring us bags stuffed to bursting with fragrant sweet oranges; still others present us with several dozen eggs. Even the little children, when they meet me in the morning, pluck some new flower for me, evidently imagining that I am fond of bouquets; and they keep bringing every day great sheaves of the wild gladiolus, delicately tinted in rose and mauve.

This time we leave the Annual road on our left, to the north, and turn back up the luxurious valley of the Massaourou. It is the war trail of the Moujaheddine. A route that only a goat could follow runs along the side of the hill, twists like a serpent among the stones and underbrush, runs down into deep ravines, and sweeps up across lofty spurs that one must struggle hard to reach, as far as that fantastic gap in the mountains, through which a horse can scarcely squeeze his way, called the Col of Labbaden.

We quicken our pace toward that flaming horizon where the sound of the guns rumbles across the tangled mountains, whose precipices and harsh slopes one must never forget, if he speaks of the Rif or its conquest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHANTI'S FLAG

BY C. R.

From *Young India, August* 17
(GANDHI PROPAGANDA WEEKLY)

SHANTI spun regularly every morning while other girls were running about and playing. Shanti had seen Mahatmaji last year when he had come to her town. He had stroked her head and told her to spin, and she had promised him she would.

At first there was difficulty in getting cotton, and when that was ready, the spinning wheel began to give trouble. It was bought from the contractor who made wheels for the local Congress Committee. He made and sold hundreds of them immediately after Mahatmaji's visit and all of them were rickety. The joining was bad and the spindles did not turn true. Shanti's father was too busy to help her out of these difficulties; so she did her best with the shaky wheel.

Then one day a carpenter who had come to the house to make some repairs saw Shanti at the *charkha*. He was delighted and said he would bring his own little girl to see Shanti's wonderful spinning. He also promised to make her a nice new charkha. Next week he came with a beautiful wheel and brought also his little daughter to see Shanti spin. The new wheel was a marvel. It hummed as if with joy to be turned by Shanti's fingers.

Three months later, Shanti's father had been taken away by the Government and put in prison. At first poor Shanti was very angry with the magistrate who tried her father. Her uncle, who had come from a distant village, sat with her during the trial. Shanti had no mother. Her mother had passed away when she was three years old.

'Uncle, I hate that man. Why does he not side with us? Why is he helping the evil Government?'

'No, Shanti. What did Gandhiji tell you? You should not be angry.'

Shanti's father perhaps half heard the conversation; for he turned around and smiled. Shanti ever after remembered that beautiful smile. All the time that she was spinning during the long months that followed, that smile played around her and kept the air warm for her in her loneliness.

Judgment was pronounced — one year's rigorous imprisonment in default of bail. Of course Shanti's father did not give bail but went to prison. Many people came to the house to see Shanti and her uncle. Some laughed and pretended to make merry over the sentence. Others came with grave faces and tried to console Shanti and half wept to see the bereaved girl's pretty face. But Shanti laughed. 'Poor thing! She has not realized the misfortune,' they said; and they went away to look after their own affairs.

After a few days' bustle, the house became silent. No one came to see them, except occasionally Ramchander, the Congress Committee's Secretary.

'I will give you yarn, Ramchander,' said Shanti. 'Will you make a flag out of it? I will give you enough yarn for a fine big flag for the office.'

'Yes,' said Ramchander. 'I will have it dyed green and red and have it woven nicely, and hoist it over the office.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shanti spun. Her father's smile lighted the place as she turned the charkha and made its hum fill the silent house. 'I am spinning the white for my little Parsi sisters. I am spinning for the Sikhs and the Christians too. The white is for all the little ones who feel they are too few among us, and who fear we may do them harm when we get Swaraj. Would we do harm to them, Lakshmi? Why should we? Are they not our sisters?'

Lakshmi's father was a practising lawyer. He was a great friend of Shanti's father. Shanti's father left off practising when the movement was launched. Lakshmi's father said he was too poor to suspend his practice. He had too large a family, and he did not like to depend on public subscriptions. Shanti's father was reputed to be well off. But soon Shanti found the luxuries of the house vanishing, and though her father took every precaution not to let her see it, Shanti knew she was poorer than Lakshmi. But Shanti was a brave girl. 'I am spinning for the white in the flag. Everyone is safe under the white; is it not so, Lakshmi? Why do people hate and fear? Why can't they all love one another?'

So Shanti spun for the white and the green and for the big red also, and gave the yarn to Ramchander. She waited eagerly, and was sorely disappointed when the flag did not arrive promptly on the promised day. At last it came. Shanti ran to the gate to snatch it from Ramchander's hands. She spread it on the floor and ran round it in joy.

'It is all my yarn!' she exclaimed; and she hung on her uncle's neck.

When Shanti's flag was being hoisted the next morning on the roof of the Congress office, a crowd mostly of little urchins, with a few grown-ups among them, looked on from the street. There was a police constable also in the street, watching the operation, a few paces away from the crowd. The cynical look on his face died away when the crowd shouted, 'Mahatma Gandhi-Ki-Jai!' He too appeared pleased as the wind unfurled the flag.

That same evening came news of Mahatmaji's arrest. 'Shanti, Shanti,' shouted Lakshmi as she came running in. 'Poor Gandhi has been put in jail.'

'What does it matter?' replied Shanti. 'Let them do anything.' But she wept for poor Gandhiji as she did not when her father was taken away.

'Shanti, they say your father is put in irons and made to grind raggee the whole day.'

'Maybe,' she said, and again burst into tears.

Lakshmi was sorry she had spoken thus and wiped the tears from Shanti's face. 'Why do the white men do like this, Shanti? When Gandhi gets Swaraj, won't we take revenge?'

'No, we shall not. Remember what Gandhiji taught us: Peace and goodwill to all. The white men do these things because they are ignorant and greedy, and are afraid we shall do harm to them. We will not be bad like them. God will make them also good.'

At length, almost all the Congress workers had been taken away one by one by the Government. Ramchander had been condemned to a year's hard labor.

Poor Shanti continued to spin. One day she was curious to see what had happened to her flag. In the evening she went with her uncle to the town and saw that the flag was still waving. There were strange young faces at the office. A number of college youths had given up their studies and had taken over the Congress work. There was a slight breeze. The white, red, and green in Shanti's flag stretched out in the air at full length, and Shanti's heart was glad. Mahatmaji was in jail — but the flag was still flying!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY: AN APPRECIATION

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

From the *London Mercury, September*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

WHEN Mr. Saintsbury remarks in Hazlitt's criticism 'the *gusto*, the spirit, the inspiriting quality' . . . 'that amorous quest of literary beauty and rapturous enjoyment of it . . . ' he is, I think, saving us the trouble of finding words to describe the essential quality of his own criticism. And though this central flame burns less brightly in the modern critic, the fact of its being there at all is certainly more to be wondered at. For Hazlitt, like some others of our great critics, was a desultory reader, who browsed where he pleased and followed his nose in criticism. It is true that he gave certain courses of lectures on the English Poets, the Comic Writers, the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Queen Elizabeth, which are among the happiest things in English criticism: but they are not literary history. In them Hazlitt does not map the country, but contents himself, and us too, with describing, with his singular felicity, the towering peaks and various great landmarks. That he could do this with such astonishing sureness of touch, without knowing much or anything of minor persons, is proof enough of his critical genius, but it does not give us much cause to wonder at his retaining that enthusiasm which has been remarked in him.

No one who has read widely in critical literature can have failed to notice that the literary historian, who has 'to read everything,' to devour methodically great masses of literature, to bring order into a bewildering array of names and dates, usually shows us little of this gusto, this 'amorous quest of literary beauty.' The dead weight of books is usually too much for him. In the end the method remains; there is order where before there was chaos; but alas! the spirit has long since fled, and what we finally receive are the cold judgments of a man who has substituted a formula for a critical palate, a day's duty for a delicate but insatiable appetite.

This in part explains why there has been such a gulf between our great critics, supremely felicitous in judgment, and our literary historians. Of the latter it would be foolish to speak slightingly, for they have done some wonderful pioneer work; but how many have given us the things, perhaps only phrases, that are keys to new treasure-chambers of literature?

Now the great, and perhaps peculiar, glory of Professor Saintsbury is that he has retained this gusto, this central flame of literary enthusiasm, throughout a long career — be it noted that he is treated here as a writer — devoted to the chronicling of literary history and similar ventures. Note, first, the sheer bulk of his work: several volumes of essays on individual writers, periods, styles, and what not; anthologies and various editing work; biographies; histories of English, French, European literatures; histories of criticism, English prosody, English prose rhythm; the novel, English and French; and so forth. The list is amazing: the mere sight of it intimidates one and makes the more indolent of us wonder what we do with our time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But mere bulk tells us comparatively little. As some ubiquitous contemporaries have shown us, it is not difficult to suggest solid achievement, at least in the catalogues, by dint of hashing and rehashing. I have heard of a certain tradesman, now dead, who had a passion for collecting execrable verse and making books of it, until at last he took up more space in the literary reference books than almost any living writer. But if we examine some of the volumes in this list, and think of what went to the making of them, our wonder and admiration can only grow. To say, as Professor Saintsbury himself does somewhere, that he has 'undertaken some tough literary ventures' in his time, is only to understate the matter. With the audacity of an Elizabethan sea-captain, he has put out his cockle-boats into vast uncharted oceans of literature, and returned triumphant, laden with glittering spoil and odorous with strange spices.

Consider the three-volume *History of English Prosody*, the *History of English Prose Rhythm*, and, greatest of all, the immense *History of Criticism*, that epic of literary taste. Labors as vast — Courthorpe's *History of English Poetry*, for example — have been successfully accomplished even with us; Germany and, latterly, America have been prolific of such things and can show us bibliographies of an incredible size. But where else can we find, going along with these things and leavening them, raising them to a higher power, that unflagging spirit which we have already remarked in Professor Saintsbury, that keen savoring of literature, that enthusiasm, with its train of half-humorous and wholly admirable hyperboles, which never deserts him even in his most herculean labors?

Throughout he never declines from the critic proper, apt to appreciate and compare, to the mere recorder with his blunted palate and lacklustre eye. Hardly ever do we meet with the weary gesture, so familiar elsewhere, that directs the author and his work to their appointed pigeonhole, the particular kind. Notwithstanding the vast scope of his research, the book never becomes to him merely a thing to be classified; it is always a prospective source of delight; and it is in that spirit, the only one for a critic to work in, that we see him approach book after book, writer after writer, in all that great mass of literature through which he has guided us. And it is this almost unique combination of extraordinarily wide reading and research and unflagging appreciation, gusto (call it what you will), that makes him so rare a critic, so delightful a guide and companion in letters, for these and any other times.

There is such a brave and human spirit shining through everything that he has written that one is stupefied at the queer epithets — 'academic,' 'pedantic,' and the like — that have been hurled at him by novelists turned critics and others, until one remembers that to such persons he has had the pedantry, the pedagogical insolence, to prefer Shakespeare and Fielding, Thackeray and Shelley, Dryden and Swift, to them and their friends.

It is easier to say — offhand — what Professor Saintsbury's critical position is not than what it is. His criticism is known to us as it should be known — by its fruits. But if it is its roots that we wish to disentangle, one or two passages from his *History of Criticism* may be of some service. Replying to those who pronounced him wanting in philosophy in his *History of Criticism*, he wrote: —

> I hold that the province of Philosophy is occupied by matters of the pure intellect: and that literary criticism is busied with matters which, though not in the loosest meaning, are matters of sense. I do not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know — and I do not believe that anyone knows, however much he may juggle with terms — why certain words arranged in certain order stir one like the face of the sea, or like the face of a girl, while other arrangements leave one absolutely indifferent or excite boredom or dislike. I know that we may generalize a little; may 'push our ignorance a little farther back'; may discover some accordance of sounds, some rhythmical adjustments, some cunning and more or less constant appeals to eye and ear, which, as we coolly say, 'explain' emotion and attraction to some extent.

But *why* these general things delight man he knows no more than, in his own more unsophisticated stage, why their individual cases and instances do so. I do not think that my own doctrine of the Poetic (or the literary) Moment — of the instant and mirific 'kiss of the spouse' — is so utterly 'unphilosophical'; but I do know that that doctrine, if it does not exactly laugh to scorn theories of æsthetic, makes them merely facultative indulgences. And just as physiology, and biology, and all the 'ologies that ever were 'ologied leave you utterly uninformed as to the real reason of the rapture of the physical kiss, so I think that æsthetics do not teach the reason of the amorous peace of the Poetic Moment.

As a pendant to this, particularly to the 'matters of sense' part of it, we may add an earlier passage from the Tennyson essay in *Corrected Impressions:* —

Readers, and I hope they are many, of Maginn's *Story without a Tail* will remember the various reasons assigned for taking a dram, until the candid narrator avowed that he took it 'because he liked a dram.' It is undoubtedly natural to humanity to disguise to itself the reasons and nature of its enjoyments; but I do not know that it exhibits this possibly amiable and certainly amusing weakness more curiously or more distinctly in any matter than in the matter of poetry. Men will try to persuade themselves, or at least others, that they read poetry because it is a criticism of life, because it expresses the doubts and fears and thoughts and hopes of the time, because it is a substitute for religion, because it is a relief from serious work, because and because and because. As a matter of fact, they — that is to say, those of them who like it genuinely — read it because they like it, because it communicates an experience of half-sensual, half-intellectual pleasure to them.

Why it does this no mortal can say, any more than he can say why the other causes of his pleasures produce their effect. *How* it does, it is perhaps not quite so hard to explain; though here also we come as usual to the bounding-wall of mystery before very long. And it is further curious to note that the same kind of prudery and want of frankness come in here once more. It often makes people positively angry to be told that the greatest part, if not the whole, of the pleasure-giving appeal of poetry lies in its sound rather than its sense, or, to speak with extreme exactness, lies in the manner in which the sound conveys the sense. No 'chain of extremely valuable thoughts' is poetry in itself: it only becomes poetry when it is conveyed with those charms of language, metre, rhyme, cadence, what not, which certain persons disdain.

Here we have the doctrine of literature for our good pleasure's sake, of omnific form and its peculiar emotion, stated with a vengeance! Innumerable idols are tumbled down that the word itself, mysterious, imperishable, may be throned on high. And throned with it, or above it, is the omnicompetent and omnipotent personal taste, from whose judgment there is no appeal.

Some there may be who doubt whether actual practice in criticism can go very far on the lines we have seen laid down. If so, let them read in Professor Saintsbury's unnumbered volumes and decide for themselves. But they must not, of course, expect that cast-iron consistency from which our best English critics — happily, I think — have always been free. I can at least save such doubters and scoffers some trouble by taking them straight to a very promising little battleground,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cleared and ready for the drums and tramplings of critical battalions: it is a passage from his *History of Nineteenth Century Literature*, and it runs as follows: —

> But the Ode (Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*) remains not merely the greatest, but the one really dazzlingly, supremely great thing he ever did. Its theory has been scorned or impugned by some; parts of it have been called nonsense by critics of weight. But, sound or unsound, sense or nonsense, it is poetry, and magnificent poetry, from the first line to the last — poetry than which there is none better in any language, poetry such as there is not perhaps more than a small volumeful in all languages.

It is not, of course, the judgment itself that will sound the trumpet-call to arms, but the cool 'Sense or nonsense — this is great poetry!' . . .

Professor Saintsbury has, of course, his limitations, most of them the natural limitations for which experienced readers are able to allow. I for one do not think that he shows the same extraordinary sureness of touch in dealing with literature produced, say, since 1850 that he does in dealing with work of an earlier date: it is not to be expected. He always shows, too, a tendency to react overmuch against current enthusiasms, against writers whom it is the fashion to praise. This, however, is not very deplorable, nor very unnatural; it comes from the desire, deep-seated in every true critic, to adjust the balance, to throw some weight into the lighter scale. Thus, when everyone is clustered about the swings, Professor Saintsbury does not hesitate to come forward and praise the exquisite and delectable roundabouts. He has, as his readers know, some strong opinions and his fair share of rather Peacockian crotchets. He professes a creed of Toryism so extreme, so fantastic, that it probably has no fellow in these islands. He can take a strongly partisan interest in our politics up to 1832, but after that it is simply a matter of our going to the dogs at varying rates of speed. For the rest, he can still call Cambridge 'the Whig University,' and he may, for all I know to the contrary, be the last of the Jacobites. His attitude is so astonishing and puts him, for most of us at least, so far beyond the pale of controversy that one could no more quarrel with him about it than one could with Peacock's delightful Doctor Folliott, with whom he has much in common.

Anyone who wishes to see the crotchets bristling has only to turn to his invaluable *Peace of the Augustans*, and in particular to a passage on Johnson. But even in this volume, where he makes very unfair though entertaining comparisons between an eighteenth century that he clearly understands and loves and a twentieth century that he plainly does not care to understand and love — even here he performs his task supremely well; it is his business to comment upon the literature of the older century, and this he does magnificently. Crotchets or no crotchets, not once does he play the traitor to his love of letters; not once does he deny the Muse and conceal his delight or find none, because of extraliterary considerations.

On the other hand, there are not a few writers whose characters are the very ones with which he is least likely to have any sympathy, whose views and aims must be abhorrent to him, to whom he has been one of the first to do full justice. No one, for example, has given Shelley a higher place among our poets. And no one has recognized more justly and generously the amazing critical genius of Coleridge, who has been so seriously underestimated by more than one critic of our time.

Again, no one has been bolder in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speaking out when such a thing has been necessary. We must make no mistake about this. It is easy enough to speak out or to play the part of l'enfant terrible in criticism if one has no critical conscience and is a devotee of mere impudence in literary judgment, or addicted to what Professor Saintsbury himself calls the practice of 'ragging.' But for a critic who knows the English, nay, European tradition of literary judgment, and is himself working in that tradition, it requires no little courage and honesty to speak out against a weight of great authority. There was weight enough on the side of Byron as a great poet when the following passage, one example out of many of 'speaking out,' was written by Professor Saintsbury nearly thirty years ago. The passage is not quoted, be it understood, as a final estimate of Byron, for its purpose is simply to show what Byron is *not:* —

Byron, then, seems to me a poet distinctly of the second class, and not even of the best kind of second, inasmuch as his greatness is chiefly derived from a sort of parody, a sort of imitation, of the qualities of the first. His verse is to the greatest poetry what melodrama is to tragedy, what plaster is to marble, what pinchbeck is to gold. He is not, indeed, an impostor; for his sense of the beauty of nature and of the unsatisfactoriness of life is real, and his power of conveying this sense to others is real also. He has great, though uncertain, and never very *fine*, command of poetic sound, and a considerable though less command of poetic vision. But in all this there is a singular touch of illusion, of what his contemporaries had learned from Scott to call gramarye.

The often cited parallel of the false and true Florimels in Spenser applies here also. The really great poets do not injure each other in the very least by comparison, different as they are. Milton does not 'kill' Wordsworth; Spenser does not injure Shelley; there is no danger in reading Keats immediately after Coleridge. But read Byron in close juxtaposition with any of these, or with not a few others, and the effect, to any good poetic taste, must surely be disastrous; to my own, whether good or bad, it is perfectly fatal. The light is not that which never was on land or sea; it is that which is habitually just in front of the stage: the roses are rouged, the cries of passion even sometimes (not always) ring false. I have read Byron again and again; I have sometimes, by reading Byron only and putting a strong constraint upon myself, got nearly into the mood to enjoy him. But let eye or ear once catch sight or sound of real poetry and the enchantment vanishes.

Here, too, we may notice more fully what has already been touched on, his hatred of, and onslaughts on, fashionable literary cant. Nor does he restrict himself to demolishing men of straw, cheap phrases, and cheaper attitudes, but fears not to attack things that have passed current in some very good circles; so that even the great practitioners are not safe from him; not even Coleridge, as witness his very neat counter (*History of English Criticism*, page 333) to Coleridge's famous and overquoted gibe at the opening couplet of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*. There is a very characteristic onslaught upon one of those phrases that reviewers are too apt to inflict upon their readers in his *History of English Prose Rhythm*, a volume, by the way, that is crammed with perhaps unexpected entertainment: —

In touching on the prose of William Morris, it is hardly possible to avoid a small excursus of controversy, such as I have elsewhere for the most part eschewed. Critics of worship have pronounced his method 'Wardour Street'; and in Wardour Street, or out of it, there can, it seems, come no good thing. Well, that was pretty much Ben Jonson's objection to Spenser; and I do not think the best judgment of posterity has endorsed it. For my part, I have no more antecedent objection to thing or person because the street from which it comes is named 'Wardour' than I have preference for it because that street is named 'Regent'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or 'Rivoli.' All I want to know is whether it is beautiful and delightful. For me, I find beauty and delight in Morris's following of Mandeville and Malory and some sagamen, not only now and then, not only not seldom, but very nearly always. It is, of course, like all falsettos, liable to a breakdown; and this sometimes, though not very often, occurs. At other times it seems to me extremely agreeable, and very nearly your only style for the matter. If anybody does not want the matter, well and good; let him leave it alone. I want the matter and I like the style. . . .

It is possible, nay, probable, that I have been parting company with not a few well-disposed persons all along the route up to this point. I shall probably part company with many more from now onward, for we have come inevitably to some discussion of Professor Saintsbury's style, that famous style over which so many people, themselves not likely to figure in any anthologies of prose, have made merry. Like most styles that are truly styles and native to their users, it has been largely conditioned by the work it has had to perform. The sort of style that will do admirably for little meditative essays on Love and Death will be little use for the writing of literary histories, in which an immense array of facts and a prodigious number of opinions have to be presented in the smallest possible space. Our prettiest stylists have usually kept clear of such rough-hewing work.

In his *History of English Prose Rhythm*, Professor Saintsbury is very depreciatory and humorous about his own powers: in the preface he quotes with emphasis Diderot's epigram on Beccaria's *ouvrage sur le style où il n'y a point de style*, and in the text there are, for the purpose of comparison, numerous references to 'Cluvienus and myself.' But elsewhere in the volume, on page 351 to be exact, the curious may find a spirit of defense of the neologist and the parenthetic writer against the charges of slovenliness and bad grammar put forward by 'half-educated critics' and others. So here are clues, if anyone should be blind and deaf enough to need them. The two most characteristic features of his style are, of course, his extraordinary use of parenthesis, clause within clause like the carven globes in the Oriental toys, and his uncommon use of literary allusion. He quotes widely, of course, but is much more given to allusion, ranging from the stock things of literature to rather obscure college jests, all natural enough in a man soaked in letters and of some humor, and eager to lighten his page and pass on good things, or recall them, to his readers.

Of the two well-known dangers of allusion and quotation — first, that of being trite and boring; second, that of being obscure and teasing — he completely escapes the first to fall a victim to the second. There must be a good many people, of whom I am one, who profess to have read and remembered a little but to whom more than a few of his allusions are still mysteries. His parenthetic manner is simply the result of a full mind, anxious to leave nothing unsaid on the subject in hand, working with little space at its command. There is, too, to be observed in it an entertaining duality in the writer, so that as we read we hear two persons addressing us. Mr. George Saintsbury, the enthusiastic lover of letters, begins the sentence with a smashing hyperbole, but is immediately checked by Professor Saintsbury, the scholar, who points out some exception, a reservation, or what not; the enthusiast promptly shakes off his interrupter, and gives a side-cut at those for whom it should be necessary to state such reservations, and so forth; so the scholar immediately hints that there is something to be said for them; and so it goes on.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Style and manner are, of course, so personal that we can only draw nearer and nearer to 'the old flaming walls of the world of taste.' Doubtless there are many readers who are only irritated by his repeated side-cuts at 'critics of worship,' 'persons who shall be nameless,' and the rest; but in its suggestion of a scholarly pugnacity dashed with old-fashioned courtesy this polemical manner of his has always given me, for one, more than a little delight. I have always found some entertainment, too, in his habit of not merely saying that a thing is good or excellent, but of applying to it a whole host of metaphors drawn from precious metals and stones and (better) eating and drinking. Surely a man has a right to let off steam somewhere in a literary history!

There is much to be said for the hyperbole, judiciously used, even though Macaulay has made it so unpopular in most quarters. There may be persons who really dislike an outburst like the following when they encounter it in a learned handbook; but I for one cannot join them: 'To Dr. Brandes, Scott is an author "whom no grown-up person reads" — a generalization perhaps the rashest, except Tolstoi's, that "all prostitutes and madmen smoke," which, in the course of a large experience of books, the present writer has registered.'

As for his style in general, although I have found it sometimes clumsy and altogether unlovely, at others irritating and positively obscure, nevertheless I hold that there is much to be said in its favor. It suits the matter — difficult as that usually is to cope with — and it suits the man. Because it is not a pastiche of the styles usually held up for imitation, its good qualities are, I fancy, apt to be overlooked.

It is not for nothing that this style belongs to the man who has written so much and so well on English prose style and its rhythm in particular. The quotations I have given are mostly in one 'key,' and more fully representative of opinion than style; but even in them one can mark a certain felicity of rhythm and cadence, a certain crisp ring that falls easily and pleasantly upon the ear, and, of itself, tends to carry conviction. He has, too, some cunning in the long falling close, in which the pace gradually slackens and phrase after phrase goes ebbing out. And when occasion calls for a change of tone, demands that the loose easy style shall be raised into something more closely knit, more dignified and weighty, it does not call in vain, as many fine passages can testify. One such passage there was, that concluding one on Johnson in *The Peace of the Augustans*, I could have wished to quote, but I have quoted enough: let it remain with its fellows, ready to give the lie to those who have spoken hastily and unjustly.

To any reader at all disposed to be friendly, this style of Professor Saintsbury's soon ceases to be a trick of assembling words and becomes the fit expression of a strong and winning personality: it becomes a voice. And it is a voice that lures us into places of enchantment, and tells of things infinitely beguiling, and thus earns forever our gratitude; while we, on our part, can but stammer our thanks in some such poor way as this, and so remain forever fathoms deep in debt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

OLD GOBLIN LANE

BY MADELEINE NIGHTINGALE

[*Beacon*]

Long years ago men cut it deep
Through Heathdene Copse; its banks are steep
And ripples of red sand-falls creep,
With every rain,
To flood the shelves where mosses sprout
And tiny seedling things throw out
Sparse leaves; they call it round about
'Old Goblin Lane.'

Cresting each slope, wood-bushes cling
And o'er its edges downward fling
Strange-featured filaments that swing
Before the breeze;
And twisted forms, grotesque and gray,
All blotched with fungus and decay,
Lean down and leer upon the way
Malignities.

Which though, perchance, but tree-roots seem
To townsmen, otherwise they deem
That nightly needs must drive their team
This homeward road;
And urge their horses' sober pace
Till heaving chest and straining trace
Have trundled briskly through the place
The heaviest load.

For aged villagers will tell
Of strange occurrences and fell,
Of 'token' seen and evil spell
On travelers cast;
Of boggarts from the wood that slide
And spring unwary backs astride,
And how he whom the boggarts ride
Turns mad at last.

And even we whose paths afar
So sane and so prosaic are,
Whose skeptic souls no terrors jar
Nor charms enchain,
Some eerie magic there have found
That from the loveliness around
Steals forth and claps our hearts in pound
In Goblin Lane.

THE BLACKBIRD

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Chapbook*]

In the far corner
close by the swings
every morning
a blackbird sings.

His bill's so yellow
his coat's so black
that he makes a fellow
whistle back.

Ann my daughter
thinks that he
sings for us two
especially.

MORNING

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Chapbook*]

If all of us were doomed to die
when we had lived a minute
I think I know what Ann and I
would wish to happen in it.

We'd let our sixty seconds run
where chestnut-blossom hardens
some early morning at Kensington
when spring is in the Gardens.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENGLISH AND FRENCH LITERARY RELATIONS

FRENCH critics who write about English literature have a way of beating the native critics at their own game, and — however loath the English-speaking nations may be to admit it — the rule hardly holds good the other way. English and American books on French literature, though useful enough to Englishmen and Americans, do not usually find any great number of readers in France.

Has not Canon Ainger left on record an epigram and pun combined to honor the talents of Taine and to mark his superiority to the English critics who dealt with the same subjects as he?

Our English critics their dull wits keep straining,
When — enter Taine! And all is entertaining.

And did not the reverend gentleman himself retailor his own epigram to swathe the literary person of M. Jules Jusserand, French Ambassador at Washington?

A Frenchman straying into English fields
Of letters, seldom has a *locus standi;*
But if there's one to whom objection yields,
'T is Jusserand — he has the *jus errandi!*

Perhaps, however, French critics of English letters have a *locus standi* more frequently than Canon Ainger thought. Two, at least, of the modern Parisian critics — though they can hardly aspire to the laurels of a Taine — are writing illuminating criticism of contemporary literature in England and the United States. They are M. Valéry Larbaud, whose article on American poetry was printed in the *Living Age* last year, and M. Abel Chevalley, whose book on *Le roman anglais de notre temps* is reviewed by M. Larbaud in the last number of *La Revue de France.*

M. Larbaud loses no time in remarking that 'this is the work of a specialist, and — if I may use the expression — the work of a specialist who knows his job; certainly there are not very many Frenchmen who have read as many English novels as he has.'

The appearance of the book leads M. Larbaud to reflect that a list of the books which constitute the links between the intellectual life of England and France is badly needed. Such books, he thinks, fall into three classes: first, works that have obviously been influenced by the author's reading in another language, examples of which are plentiful enough — Voltaire and Byron, Bayle and W. S. Landor, Wordsworth and the other members of the Lake School on Sainte-Beuve, and Verlaine on Arthur Symons; second, translations of the classics, of important books, and of ephemeral works which are nevertheless much read in their own time; and finally, critical works like Voltaire's *Lettres philosophiques* and Taine's *Histoire de la littérature anglaise.*

With the characteristic precision of a French critic, M. Larbaud specifies clearly what he means when he speaks of 'important' books. To be regarded as a landmark in literary history, either a book must have exerted an important influence over other books written during the period following its publication, or a critical literature must have grown up about it, or else it must continue to be read and studied by the literary people of the country to whose literature it belongs.

This is the only kind of book that M. Larbaud is willing to admit for consideration by 'literary historians' — in other words college professors, though the courteous Frenchman strews the path of those persecuted souls with roses, instead of hurling the accustomed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brick. He is quite willing to admit the fruitfulness of their labors; but he is intent on keeping these particular shoemakers close to their lasts, and he draws a severe distinction when he deplores the 'confusion between literary history and literature.'

M. Chevalley's book is to be classified in M. Larbaud's third group. Though describing the English novel of our own time, the author gets a good running-start in the style beloved of scholars, beginning with the eighteenth century in the first chapter, romping gayly through the nineteenth in the second, and devoting the rest of his book to the latter part of the nineteenth and the opening years of our own century. M. Larbaud considers the chapter on Samuel Butler as the best in the book, and indulges in some speculation as to the justification of M. Chevalley's choice of Kipling, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, and Conrad as *the* 'five great contemporary novelists.'

At any rate, it points very neatly M. Larbaud's observations on the difficulty of contemporary judgments.

THE AMERICAN CONSERVATORY AT FONTAINEBLEAU

THE summer conservatory for American music students, which has completed its second season at Fontainebleau, is the subject of an enthusiastic article in *L'Illustration*, of Paris. In July, when the French Conservatoire National closes its doors for the summer, the American school opens, and continues its work until October. Members of the faculty of the Conservatoire are also teachers at the American school, and among them are Philipp, Widor, Hekking, Motte-Lacroix, Fauchet, Grandjany, and many others.

Instruction is given in voice and all the instruments, in composition, and also in conducting and ensemble — the last two, as *L'Illustration* remarks, having been 'long and vainly demanded at the Conservatoire National.' The municipality of Fontainebleau has voted 100,000 francs for the support of the school, and the Republic has granted it the use of the Louis XV wing of the Palais, the Gros Pavillon theatre, and the Pavillon du Tibre.

ARTISTIC LIFE IN PRAGUE

IN a lively little article in the *Westminster Gazette*, Mr. Lawrence Hyde gives an account of an evening in a Prague café: —

The café, as usual, was quiet, satisfyingly free from music, strident voices, clattering dominoes. In the corner near the door was the everlasting little group of chess-players: the German who sat in such frightening, reptile-like immobility between each considered move, the expressionless veteran who forever watched, — whether from above or below one had no means of saying, — and the rest. At a table opposite had collected the band of artists, mostly young students, which was to be found there most evenings of the week. They differed and gesticulated, their direct young voices rang out confidently, their eyes shone, as only the eyes of a still youthful, vital, unspoiled race can shine. Was it, I tried to remember, the group that allies itself to the Russian, or to the modern French, school? It did not matter: their interest for me lay not in their aims, but in the breathlessness of their pursuit of them.

The place became suddenly full, flooded from the crowd emerging from the National Theatre across the road. They had actually been listening to Marlowe's *Edward the Second*, given in their own expressive language, with its sharp, clear vowels, and explosive accumulated consonants. Within a few days they would be able to see the *Legend of Joseph*, Shaw, Wilde, their own Smetana. Also they were busy reading translations from most of the European literatures, and ardently learning their languages as well. This in the fourth year of the Republic.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How would they ever synthesize all these? . . .

I strolled out into the open air. It was nearly eleven o'clock. There were still many people to be seen in the streets. Solitary handsome young men, inspired, hatless, eager, their long romantic cloaks trailing behind them, swept past me, holding in their hands volumes which I hoped were poetry, but which too often I had found to be nothing more than manuals of bookkeeping or commercial law. Other young men, collected in groups outside the entrances of cafés, were dispersing with a punctilious handshaking and raising of hats which had not ceased to be diverting to my Anglo-Saxon mind.

'A NORFOLK HARVEST DAY'

OLD customs die hard in the English shires. Some of them are not dying at all; others have merely adapted themselves to the newer devices of 'modern progress.' So closely does the rural Englishman cling to his old ways that Mr. Maurice Hewlett amused himself in the *Times* not long ago by arguing that many a folk custom, folk rime, or turn of speech can be traced back to prehistoric times.

Probably Mr. Hewlett pushes his idea too far; novelists who get hold of an appealing subject in some special field of knowledge are likely to do that; but he is at all events interesting. He contends that

> we can work backward, as I believe, to Britons who were here before Stonehenge was, and might conceivably have seen the last of the glaciers. Tradition of that sort, lap-lore, would be as certainly derived through the mother as, it appears, the stature, form, and coloring of our latter-day peasantry are derived. Tradition, unconscious memory — which now is this? A countrywoman, writing to me the other day about the troubles of a friend of hers, said of her, 'She had a good husband, too, *one that looked out for her*.' Not, observe, 'looked after her' — 'looked out for her.' I hope it is not too fanciful to trace that locution back to the pit-dwelling on the hill-top, to the diked enclosure and the borstall and the mist-pool!

A clear case of old and new intermingling — though the old customs here are not of the more-than-respectable antiquity that Mr. Hewlett describes — is described in an article on 'A Norfolk Harvest Day,' by Mr. H. T. Kemball Cook. Many an American reader will find in the article, which appears in the *Manchester Guardian*, a familiar atmosphere much like that of an American harvest-field. Mr. Cook writes: —

> A few minutes, and the men and horses are climbing the narrow, corkscrew road, deep-rutted from the passage of many wagons, to the fair uplands. Here the sun has won the mastery, and the morning breeze is drying the dew. Work begins. They say that harvesting is no longer romantic. It never was quite so romantic as the poets thought; it was work for men, hard unremitting work through the many hours of an early September day. Perhaps it was more picturesque. Something has gone from the harvest-field with the passing of the scythe and the days when the long line of men swept gloriously across the fields, blades flashing in the sun, arms moving in a grand harmony, the music of the corn swishing away from the strokes of the scythes, the sharp melody of the hones. Hard work, thirsty work.
>
> Ned's grandfather, strong and hale still at three score and eight, can boast the day when, at this work, he could drink his full gallon of home-brew before breakfast — good, wholesome stuff that shortened no man's swathe. And there were the women and the girls in their pink and blue cottons, and their white sunbonnets, brave patches of color in the strong sunlight as they followed the men and tied the sheaves, singing, prattling, chaffing! Much of that is gone: but there is music still in the whirring of the binders; there is beauty still in the sunlight striking on the sleek, hot flanks of the laboring horses; there is talk and laughter enough when the girls come up to the fields with their baskets, and little family parties

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gather in the shade of the trees on the headlands, and the men light their pipes and cock their caps over their eyes, and lie back luxuriously till it is time to get to work again.

Time goes on, and in the deep afternoon-light the men and the wagons are busy in another field carting the corn. In every wagon are two old laborers, cunning loaders of wagons, piling high the sheaves pitched up to them by strong youngsters on either side the wagon. Now with a cheery shout the ropes are thrown across the load fore and aft, young Ned comes up with his trace-horse, and the great wagon moves slowly, heaving and swaying across the hard stubble. . . .

September night. The master has thrown himself from his tired horse, and the lights are shining through the farmhouse windows. The horn lanterns gleam in the stables. Old Joe sits on the cornbin smoking his last pipe while the horses munch steadily in their stalls. Presently he climbs slowly down and begins to throw off the halters. Without further word the horses turn in their stalls and walk down to the stream, and from the stream, with Ned behind them, to the marsh meadows. Already the mist is veiling the stars as they plod down the road, iron hoofs striking sparks from the stones. Again the clank of the marsh gate. Young Ned whistles a little sleepily, yawns himself home. Night and silence. Day's work is done.

FORTHCOMING ENGLISH BOOKS

ENGLISH publishers announce a number of interesting new books for early publication. Of them all, the most alluring in title is *Landmarks: A Book of Essays on Such Diverse Themes as Laughter and Cathedrals, Gardens and Profanity, Towns and Bibliomania,* by Mr. Holbrook Jackson, editor of *To-Day,* whose article on Milan Cathedral appeared in the *Living Age* for August 27, 1921. The publisher is Grant Richards.

Mr. Chesterton's new book of poems, *The Ballad of St. Barbara and Other Verses,* was issued by Cecil Palmer early this month. Mr. Laurence Housman's three plays, collected under the title, *Dethronements,* will probably occasion a good deal of interest. They deal with the close of three remarkable political careers; the protagonists are Joseph Chamberlain, Charles Stewart Parnell, and — Woodrow Wilson. This volume is from Jonathan Cape, who will also publish new poetry by Mr. W. H. Davies, *The Hour of Magic.* The book has been decorated by Mr. William Nicholson, and there is to be a special edition of a hundred copies, numbered and signed by the author and by the artist.

Mr. Wilfrid Ewart is finishing a history of the Scots Guards in the war, prior to embarking upon a walking tour through Colorado and California with Mr. Stephen Graham, who was Vachel Lindsay's tramping companion in the Rockies. Messrs. Philpot announce the early appearance of an annotated bibliography of that erratic student of the East, Sir Richard Burton. This is the handiwork of Mr. Norman Penzer, an enthusiast who has spent years upon his task, and it will be issued in a limited edition only.

Canon Westlake is the author of two de luxe folio volumes on Westminster Abbey, to be published by Philip Allan. The Canon has been in charge of the Abbey's records for three years past and has fortified himself for his task by 'reading and analyzing the nearly four thousand rolls of the obedientiary monks, and indexing the two greater chartularies of the Abbey known as *Domesday* and *Liber Niger.*' Mr. C. J. C. Street is author of a book on *Ireland in* 1921, and Captain H. B. C. Pollard of a new book on *The Secret Societies of Ireland.* Messrs. Edward Arnold are to publish shortly *Social and Diplomatic Memories,* 1884–1893, and this will probably be followed by a sequel bringing it down to date.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

The Trail of the Black and Tans, by 'The Hurler on the Ditch.' Dublin: Talbot Press; London: Fisher Unwin. *5s.*

Ireland in Travail, by J. M. Nankivell and S. Loch. London: Murray. *7s. 6d.*

A Journey in Ireland, by Wilfrid Ewart. London: Putnam. *6s.*

Ireland in Rebellion, translated from the French of Sylvain Briollay. Dublin: Talbot Press; London: Fisher Unwin. *3s. 6d.*

Life of Eamon de Valera, by D. T. Dwane. Dublin: Talbot Press; London: Fisher Unwin. *7s. 6d.*

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

It is too early yet to forecast the effects of the struggle that began in 1914 on the character and prospects of the Irish people. Even the materials for writing its history are still incomplete, and one can divine reasons for expecting them to be incomplete for some time to come. Each of the books at the head of this review adds something to our knowledge and opportunity of judgment.

The pseudonymous book on *The Trail of the Black and Tans* gives, in the form of a poignant story, a picture of the conduct of our irregular forces, drawn by somebody living in a part of Ireland where those forces were particularly active. Those who followed this painful chapter of history will see that the picture is true to the facts; there is only one incident here described of which we cannot think of an actual parallel in the facts disclosed to public view: the shooting of a colonel by his subordinates.

Ireland in Travail is the record of the experiences of a man and his wife who went to live in Dublin during the autumn and winter of 1920–21 in order to learn the truth for themselves. . . . The writers of this book give a vivid impression of the tense world in which the Republican leaders worked in hourly peril of their lives; the devoted and often perverse fanaticism that the movement inspired. The husband got into prison, and his account of the filth in which the prisoners lived in Dublin Castle shows that Irish complaints on this subject were not exaggerated. The book strikes one as the work of sincere and honest observers; and their comments are to the point.

Mr. Ewart's book covers a shorter period. He was in Ireland from April 18 to May 10, but he was traveling all the time. He has an eye for the interesting and the significant; he generally managed to see the right people, whether in Cork or Limerick or Belfast, and he knew the sort of question to put. . . .

M. Briollay's book gives the impressions of a French journalist who was in Ireland from the beginning of 1919. His comments are sensible and just. He remarks that the Englishman likes the Irishman, but despises him, and he thinks this the chief obstacle to an understanding. . . .

The biography of De Valera is an interesting book. The writer has, in an unusual degree, the exuberant self-satisfaction to which some Irishmen are addicted, and cynics will read some of his pages with a smile. Thus when he refers to De Valera's marriage he delivers the following naïve panegyric on Irish love: —

'If we take the love of Lord Edward Fitzgerald for Pamela, the love of Emmet for Sarah Curran, or the love of De Valera for Sinead ni Fhlannagain, we have three instances of that warm and pure love typical of the Irish nature. Love as found in Ireland is an exquisite gem, but it is still more exquisite when placed in contrast with the cold, worldly, selfish love which has been propagated and finds favor elsewhere.'

But this is a harmless and amusing weakness, and the book tells an interesting story. De Valera, who is the son of a Spanish musician and an Irishwoman who left her home, Bruree in the county of Limerick, for the United States in 1879, lost his father in early childhood, and was taken back to Ireland by his uncle. There he had a successful school and college career, threw himself into all the interests of college life, and at the time of the Eastern rebellion he was teaching mathematics at the Training College, Carysfort Park. Of the details of his career given in this book the most exciting is the story of his escape from Lincoln jail, helped by Collins and Boland.

Voyage of Ass, by E. H. W. Meyerstein. London: John Murray, 1922. *5s.*

In Merlin's Wood, by E. H. W. Meyerstein. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1922. *5s.*

[*Mrs. Aomabel Williams-Ellis, writer of this review, is poetry editor of the* Spectator; *in which her article appears, and daughter of its editor.*]

It has been said that it is very convenient to have won a Victoria Cross. After that you need no longer scruple to acknowledge your fear of a bathe in a cold sea, the deviations of an uncertain motor-driver, or the sight of a gaping cut. At one stroke you have earned the right to every sort of minor poltroonery or fastidiousness.

In writing a longish narrative poem in the stanza he has chosen for the *Voyage of Ass*, Mr. Meyerstein has reserved to himself the right to clothe his fancies in vers libre for the rest of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life. He has accomplished an extraordinary feat. There are no less than 116 stanzas on the pattern of the following: —

> And Ass obeyed, and saw the man
> From whom his bitterness began
> Calm as a sleeping child.
> The stubborn chin none could mistake,
> The eyes that would to pardon wake
> Were shut, not reconciled.
> The cloth of gold was torn in parts
> By greedy topers' clutch,
> Of coin in pockets through their arts
> There was not overmuch.
> A pale wife, the alewife,
> Was lighting candle-wicks,
> The priesthood in creased hood
> Held up a crucifix.

We shall be indeed crusted in mind if we do not confess to a vivid childish pleasure as this intricate web unrolls itself before us. All things considered, it is extraordinary how clear Mr. Meyerstein has been able to make his plot. A good deal of deflection has no doubt been caused by the form, but it is well concealed.

Voyage of Ass is not Mr. Meyerstein's only work. He has published a book of narrative and lyric poetry, which is decidedly interesting, though in some obscure way we feel that there is something lacking in it. Most of the poems in it have the smell of the lamp a little too much upon them.

Daughters of Hecuba, by Clara Viebig. Translated by Anna Barwell. London: Allen and Unwin, 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Daughters of Hecuba was not written for the sake of the story in it, nor is that story what will most interest the readers of this admirable study of life in Berlin during the Great War. There are few men in the book (those there are hover in the background like ghosts — the absent son, lover, or husband), but there are many women. And because the purpose of the book is to give a comprehensive picture of the life lived by German women during those four ruinous years, none of Frau Viebig's principal characters is more prominent than the others and each is typical of a group. . . .

Another thing to be noted is the spirit that animates the book itself. This too is orderly, sober, restrained. We have no shrieking denunciation of the enemy; no Englishman is held up as a monster of iniquity; there is no glorification of war, still less is there any 'Hymn of Hate.' And this picture strikes us as true.

If Summer Don't, by Barry Pain. London: Werner Laurie, 1922. 1*s.* 6*d.*

[*Westminster Gazette*]

A GREAT deal has been written upon *If Winter Comes*. Its anatomy and physiology have been given to the world. Its style has been parodied. It has been the theme of much discussion by those who do not readily find the reason of its extraordinary success. Mr. Barry Pain has, in effect, joined this discussion, for his amusing parody best serves, like all good caricature, to draw out the essential features of Mr. Hutchinson's book.

There is no need to apologize for the parody. It is self-sufficient, and it marks a certain march on the road to fame to deserve and receive this spontaneous tribute.

Sabre, of course, becomes, in Mr. Barry Pain's hand, irritating enough to be thoroughly amusing. Here he is engaged in a firm of pickle and jam manufacturers.

His work is the literary side. He produced the *Romance of the Raspberry*. He wrote all the advertisements, which were 'scholarly' and gemmed with classical quotations. And so on, throughout the story, the parody follows the original fairly closely, but gives at each point a sufficient twist to make the whole burlesque. A long train-journey would be made light by such a book, which should find a good train of readers.

The Liar. A Comedy in Three Acts, by Carlo Goldomi. Translated from the Italian by Grace Lovat Fraser, with Decorations by Claude Lovat Fraser and an Introduction by Gordon Craig. London: Selwyn and Blount. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*To-Day*]

THIS is like to prove not only one of the most charming but one of the most useful of the books illustrated by the late Claude Lovat Fraser and issued posthumously. It fits in with the artist's love of the theatre and especially the theatre of the eighteenth century. In his witty preface Mr. Gordon Craig creates an agreeable atmosphere for the reading of the play, which is as well translated as decorated. A special edition de luxe, limited to 250 copies, is also issued, price 15*s.* net.

✽

BOOKS MENTIONED

CHEVALLEY, ABEL. *Le roman anglais de notre temps*. Oxford: Humphrey Milford; Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1922. 18*fr.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'The Everburning Lamps of Accumulated Wisdom'

Books are lighthouses erected in the great sea of time.—Whipple.

IT is said that Edward Fitzgerald was strangely lacking in sentiment regarding a book: that he would rip a handsomely bound volume apart and ravish it of a favorite chapter or illustration without the slightest compunction. Protests from horrified witnesses of the sacrilege evoked only jeers at their supersensitive scruples. Perhaps this was a defiant gesture aimed at that Victorian sentimentalism which flowered to its fullest in the person of the Queen herself with her incredible collection of memorabilia covering the minutest episodes of her long career.

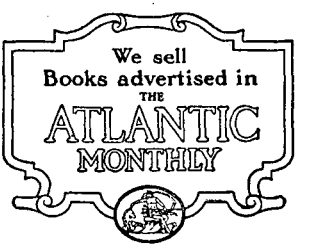
Possibly it is an atavistic emotion dating from the days when a book represented months of devoted monkish labor but to most of us there is an inviolate quality to a good book. We find it difficult to fling a battered volume into the dust heap with quite the objective irresponsibility with which we consign a worn-out tire to its fate.

Call it sentimentalism if you will. At worst it is a defect of a quality. That it is something more than a Simian mania for 'owning things' is indicated by the fact that the contents of the book color our emotions in abandoning it. With but a slight pang we relinquish the best seller of twenty years ago while that rickety copy of 'Sartor Resartus' may be dropped into the waste basket to be remorsefully retrieved later from the barrel in the cellar.

Men of imagination have always felt the far-reaching implication of a significant book. 'Books are embalmed minds,' said Bovee. 'The everburning lamps of accumulated wisdom,' asserted Curtis. 'In the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight,' was Emerson's verdict. And Carlyle wrote 'All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been — it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books.'

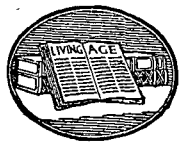
To accumulate a private library of worthwhile books is one of life's most lasting satisfactions: not an ostentatious, impressive aggregation of tomes but an intimate assortment of congenial minds, which reflect one's genuine interests, one's authentic aspirations. And what a livable quality they impart to a room: the warm tones of those colorful volumes glowing in the mellow lamplight. It is only through actual ownership of books that one can absorb them and utilize them to the fullest for both pleasure and profit. As Georg Brandes remarks, 'A man who restricts himself to one reading of a book knows little about it. The books I value I have frequently read more than ten times. One does not really know a book until one knows it almost by heart.'

Doubtless you have noted that the titles advertised in the *Atlantic Monthly* reflect, naturally enough, the interests and intellectual standards of *Atlantic* readers. Most of them are books of more than transitory interest: books which one buys with the comfortable sense that they will bear re-reading many times. Publishers realize that the *Atlantic Monthly* covers a public of critical discernment and consequently offer their best titles in its pages. 'A good book,' said Milton, 'is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.' When such books appear one finds them featured in our advertising section.



Booksellers offering titles advertised in the *Atlantic* now display the reproduced insignia. You will find their shelves rich in books of permanent significance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

A SOVIET ENVOY IN PEKING *The Recent Reception to Joffe*	*Rodney Gilbert*
CONSTANTINOPLE. *A Sunset of Romance*	*Alphons Paquet*
LABOR ETHICS. *A Sermon for Workers*	*Bruno Borchardt*
A PARISIAN'S MUSINGS	*Abel Hermant*
BUCCANEERS OF THE STEPPES *Russia's Robber Adventurers*	*J. Kessel*
NIRVANA. *The Latest Story of the Buddha*	*Zino Zini*
WILD FLOWERS IN GREENLAND	*A. C. Seward*
TRAGEDY AND MR. GALSWORTHY	*G. Baseden Butt*
EXCAVATIONS IN THE HOLY LAND	*A Palestine Correspondent*
SULLA AND HIS DESTINY *An Old Tale for Modern Politicians*	*Léon Daudet*
THE FIRST VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD	*R. T. Clark*

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out the coupon below

---

THE LIVING AGE
Rumford Building, Concord, N.H., or
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $5.00 for my subscription to the LIVING AGE for one year beginning.....

Name.....

Address..... *City*.....

10-28-22

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED